

# The Nationalist.

FREEDOM. TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

Vol. 1.

THE NATIONALIST.  
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ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED WITHIN THE LAST EDITION.

SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

There are tyrants on thrones!  
There are martyrs in prison!  
But a host of dry bones;  
As an army has risen;  
When the will of the Lord  
Though the prophet had shoken!  
Thee shall right be restored—  
Thus our bondage be broken.  
  
Yes—our Prophets with lyres—  
Made by liberty holy—  
With the song she inspires,  
Have commanded the lowly.  
Who were rotting in chains,  
To arise and be steady—  
Lo! there's life in their veins!  
They are breathing already!  
  
And already the dark,  
Fearful tyranny trembles,  
Though the fave of the shark,  
In its code, it resembles;  
When a tooth we efface—  
Or a law, that was ringing  
Our life-blood—we trace—  
As sharp as a scorpion!  
  
How loudly they laughed,  
From the depths of their pleasure,  
While we quivered and quaffed  
Of their poisonous measure!  
But, behold! they rose!  
Their old chains altogether,  
Like the spider, the net,  
At the change of the weather!  
  
When to smother the shoots  
Of young freedom they hastened,  
In our nature their roots  
Were deepened and fastened,  
And though many, to wrong,  
And none were to rights us,  
We have waxed too strong  
For the strongest to smite us.  
  
Long and often we sighed!  
Yet the justice we wanted,  
Not rudely denied.  
Was ungraciously granted;  
And if now they would cure  
Our least sorrow unbidden,  
In the kindness, be sure,  
There is treachery hidden.

## Ireland.

The chief feature of the Patrick's Day celebration in Cork was a large collection for the families of the political prisoners.

The Tipperary bazaar held in the Rotundo, Dublin, netted a considerable sum in aid of its patriotic object.

The Irishman says, "St. Patrick's Day, 1873, in Ireland, shows clearly that the faith of the people in the future happy destiny of their country has grown with their strength, and is certain of a glorious consummation. The day in England and Scotland, too, was observed in the true spirit. In London on the eve of the day a great amnesty demonstration was held in Hyde Park."

The Mitchell testimonial movement has been heartily taken up, and is sure to be worthy both of Ireland and of Mitchell.

The men of Ulster of all creeds and classes may well be proud of the manner in which St. Patrick's Day was celebrated. The absence of any disturbance or ill-feeling is the most pleasing feature in all of the demonstrations made. Even Derry and Enniskillen did themselves honor. Green sashes embroidered with gold were worn by the processions, and a general fraternization among parties long bitterly opposed to one another seems to have taken place. When men turn to one another in friendship, and bury their ancient feuds, we have reason to hope for a glorious future. Home Rule was the general gathering cry at all the meetings, but the great masses of the people mean something more than Home Rule than do some of the big guns fighting as leaders. Ireland for the Irish, and the Englishman sent about his business forever, is what the people want, and with nothing less will they ever be satisfied.

In noticing the death of the gallant Captain Tom Quirke, the Munster Express says: "It is something very beautiful, although painful, to review the list of centuries that time has kept with such unerring accuracy, and a hot flush of pride and exultation mounts to our brows as we read of the names that honor has placed upon

the list of fame. Who is it that does not sigh over that hour when the French ships bore away from the shores of Erin the flower of her cavalry, in the persons of the prince O'Donnells and O'Neills, while the winds of gloomy September signed their requieat wall over the waters of Lough Swilly, as if foreboding the woes of our unhappy country. Turn where we will, looking over the battlefields of Europe, the names of Irishmen shine forth with undying lustre—whether by the rolling waters of the Rhine, the parched and burning plains of Africa, or the still more glorious slopes of Fontenoy, they still beam with dazzling brilliancy. And after the lapse of years, how does not the heart throb as the star of Irish chivalry ascends the horizon, shining forth amid the lurid clouds of war, with a splendor that fairly blinds the beholder, while we watch in mute admiration Meagher's brigade bursting forth amid the storm like a gorgeous meteor, as the young Tribune unsheathes his sword in the flashing sun of freedom, leading the Irish exiles once more on to the track of glory."

The people of Tuam, we are not surprised to hear, made their patriotism a very marked affair. They floated a green flag over the Town Hall with the inscription, "Freedom's dawn is approaching." The police for a reason they had, did not interfere with the demonstration.

The people of Wexford honored the day in the time-honored fashion, and it is extremely creditable to that noble county that from one end to the other of it, there was not that day or the day after a single case of intoxication for the magistrates to deal with.

The telegrams from London are reliable—semi-occasionally. One last week informed the Sacramento Record of a conflict between the fishermen and the police at Kingsport, Ireland. Kinsale was meant, but the Cockney operator metamorphosed it.

One of the ex-constitutional and parliamentary opposition agitators of Ireland, John Pope Hennessy, having got from England an appointment as Governor of some place in the Indian seas, thought of being grateful to the Irish by sending to the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, a hippopotamus. The poor brute, like Hennessy's anti-Englishism, died a natural death.

The following from Richard O'Gorman is as pretty a bit of oratory about the Green Immortal Shamrock as we have lately met with. He rolled it forth when in a happy mood after dinner last Patrick's Day:—Is not that little shamrock a fitting emblem of the story of our race? There are flowers in the garden fairer to the eye; but the hot sun of summer withers them, and the blast of winter will freeze them to death; but that hardly survives the heat of summer and the cold of winter. The sun may scorch it, the storm may beat upon it, winter may bury it under its snows; but when the snow melts, and the first breath of Spring kisses the longing earth, it awakes—it arises, spreads its mystic leaves in the sunlight and gems the sward again with emerald beauty, unburnt, undestroyed, and indestructible. This is why, from every part of the earth, wherever this language that we speak is spoken—afloat or ashore—in the crowded city or on the lonely prairie; in the rich man's hat; wherever in true men's hearts rolls the strong current of Irish blood, men are keeping high the proud festival tonight; and as they hail their mother and hail their Saint, Erin sits enthroned like a Queen, and there come, thronging to her feet, as couriers to the throne, fond memories of the faithful allegiance of millions and millions of true hearts, that shall cease to beat ere they cease to love the dear island.

## Pacific Coast.

Every country newspaper is bound to swear that its own locality is the finest in all creation. We have now the Antioch *Ledge*, asserting that the great coal mines of Monte Diablo are as nothing to the coal beds which somebody has discovered under its own section of the valley.

In announcing the fall of General Canby at the hands of the Modocs, Sherman in General orders says: "It again becomes the sad duty of the General to announce to the Army the death of one of our most illustrious and most honored comrades. Brigadier-General Edward R. S. Canby, commanding the Department of the Columbia, was on Friday last, April 11th, shot dead by Chief 'Jack' while he was endeavoring to mediate for the removal of the Modocs from their present rocky fastness on the northern borders of California to a reservation where the tribe could be maintained and protected by civil agents of the Government." The treacherous onslaught of the Indians in which General Canby and Commissioner Thomas were murdered, and others wounded perhaps fatally may be regarded as having sealed the doom of the Modocs. They may for a while prolong their stay, but in the end be crushed. In the present mood of the soldiers and settlers, the Indians have nothing but extermination staring them in the face. General Crook is dealing with the Apache in a vigorous manner. He doesn't believe in Peace Commissioners, but if the Indians won't unconditionally submit and lead peaceful lives he follows them up, and shoots them down wherever they may be found. The last Arizona dispatch says his troops have killed 41 of them. The *Alta*, in a feeble attempt at the florid style, paragraphs the story thus. This time it is 41 of their warriors that have been sent to those happy hunting grounds, where the Pimas will no more furnish horses for their forays, nor the whites attempt their conversion to the unconverted.

The indignation of the people of Oakland at the action of the Supervisors in locating the county seat at San Antonio is still at fever heat. It is even hoped the County fathers may yet be made to see the error of their ways. The people of Brooklyn have the shoe on the other foot, and are satisfied that whatever is, is right. The last Arizona dispatch says his troops have killed 41 of them. The *Alta*, in a feeble attempt at the florid style, paragraphs the story thus. This time it is 41 of their warriors that have been sent to those happy hunting grounds, where the Pimas will no more furnish horses for their forays, nor the whites attempt their conversion to the unconverted.

The small pox had during the last three months committed dreadful ravages in Indianapolis, Indiana, but fortunately the epidemic is abating.

In Bavaria there are 29 trade schools and 3 polytechnic schools; in Wurtemburg, 1 tech-

nical university, 10 technical schools, and 11 building and trade schools. Belgium has 11 commercial schools, 15 technical schools, 68 workshop schools and sixty academies, in which is regularly taught art as applied to industry. Prussia has 361 schools for agriculture, mining, architecture, navigation, commerce, and other technical studies, and 265 industrial schools. America the home of free education and of unexampled good sense—how many technical schools has she?

Louisiana is more than disturbed by the war between the races. What might be called a battle took place on Sunday last. A hundred negroes were killed and a large number wounded.

It would seem that they have not concluded to consider the winter over on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Read this dispatch:

"CORINNE, April 15.—The severest storms of the season are reported between Cheyenne and Omaha, prostrating the telegraph lines and obstructing the railroad."

The men and women of the "period," the boy and girl of the period, all uncle Sam's children generally, must have ceased to be as saving and prudent as their daddy; for otherwise, the United States imports for the last fiscal year would not have amounted to \$640,000,000.

We would not believe it but for the official census. It appears, however, that there are in the United States 4,528,084 persons ten years of age and over who cannot read, and 5,658,144 who cannot write. Of this latter number 4,880,271 are native, and 777,873 foreign born.

of Irishmen threw down a grenadier, simply because he wore a red coat, and broke his right arm because he refused to keep it quiet.

A few days since at the Borough Sessions, Mercy Chitty, of Brighton, being accused of robbing her aunt was, in the teeth of the evidence, found not guilty by the jury. When the applause in court which the verdict had produced had subsided, and the recorder read a list of six previous convictions against her, the applauders looked foolish and the faces of the jury fell. There is a story told (it is true although it is a story) of a similar incident which occurred in an Irish court some years ago. A juvenile fat was charged with being concerned with some men not in custody in committing a burglary. The principal evidence found against him was a cap found in the premises, which several witnesses declared belonged to him. The counsel for the defence rose; he argued long and ably in the boy's defense, he stigmatized the mere suspicion of guilt as an insult to the boy, whose character was irreproachable, and he proved to the jury that the cap never did, never could belong to the boy. In the end the fat was acquitted, and as the Judge remarked, "Hardly had the applause died away when the virtuous boy made his appearance in court again, and thus addressed the Judge, 'Please honor my honor, may I have me cap now the gintlemen's found as I didn't do it?'" The feelings of judge, jury, and counsel may be better imagined than described. The Brighton jury must have felt a similar sensation when they heard the story of Miss Mercy Chitty's career.

AN INHUMANE FATHER.—William Browning, a carman, was brought up, on Tuesday, charged with deserting his two children, and leaving them chargeable to the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. John Hutchinson, relieving officer of the parish, stated that about a fortnight before Christmas the prisoner's wife and a young child, both in an enfeebled state, were admitted into the workhouse infirmary. The wife died a fortnight afterwards, and the prisoner was called on to take away the child. He promised before the board of guardians that he would do so, but from that time he had never been near the house, and the child had been chargeable for over three months. About a month ago an elder child had to be taken into the workhouse, it being found that the prisoner had left his lodgings, and the child was destitute, without anything in the room to lie on. Nothing had since been heard of the prisoner until information was received that led the warrant officer to a public house in Bathgate-green, where the prisoner was found drinking. The reliving officer said that even when his wife was dying the prisoner did not go to see her. Mr. Hannay sentenced the prisoner, as a rogue and vagabond, to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labor.

Here is a sample of the model British Husband. P. Perry, a pensioner from the Army, was charged with a ruffianly assault upon his wife, long separated from him, and obtaining her own living for the last three years as a nurse at St. George's Hospital. Mary Perry, the wife, said her husband has used her for years so brutally that she was obliged to leave him, and obtained her present situation. On the evening of the 6th of last January, on her way home from St. George's Hospital, London, the defendant met her in Grosvenor-gardens, and, as usual, demanded money of her. She told him she had none, and considered he ought not to want it, as he had just received his pension. He said that if she did not give him money he would tear every bit of clothing off her back. She repeated that she had none, upon which he gave her a desperate blow in the eye and knocked her down. Her injuries from his brutality were so severe that she was, when picked up, conveyed to the hospital, where she was under medical treatment for three weeks. A summons was obtained against the defendant, but he had absconded, and after much trouble was now taken upon a warrant. Mr. Arnold said his conduct had been most ruffianly. Had it been other than his own wife, it would have been an assault with intent to rob. He was committed for four months, and to find bail for six more.

In pursuance of his long-considered resolve to be as well posted as the most accomplished blacklegger, the Prince of Wales, Earl Fitzwilliam, and other distinguished hoodlums, went to the Grand National Hunt and Steeplechase at Bristol. The papers say "flags were not plentiful," as they should have been in a loyal city.

To cover up the unpopularity of the racing and gambling heir apparent, the loyalists make this statement: "It was alleged that His Royal Highness had commanded that no display should be made; that it was his desire that his visit might not be celebrated by anything in the shape of great popular demonstrations. If such were

his Royal Highness's wishes, it must be said that it is seldom he sets his will against the loyal inclination of the Queen's subjects; and it is to be hoped that the Prince would not remember with grave displeasure the scene that awaited him when, at half-past twelve, he made his appearance at Bristol."

Now, if that isn't newspaper lying, command us to some one who can do it better.

One of the ways in which London hawkers make a living is that of Stephen Carr, selling independent toys. On Friday afternoon the prisoner was standing in Lombard street, and a number of persons were gathered round him. The Lord Mayor told the prisoner that he had no right to break up the thoroughfare, and moreover, the articles he was exposing were improper, and such as ought not to be sold.

The prisoner said if that was the case they ought to be stopped by the Custom House officers. They came over from Germany. The Lord Mayor inflicted a fine of 10s., with the alternative of seven day's imprisonment.



## THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

### IRISH DIRECTORY

Third (Irish) Regiment, N. G. C. Field and Staff Officers—A. Wason, Colonel; M. C. Bateman, Lieutenant-Colonel; J. J. Conlin, Major; P. J. Tannian, Adjutant; Frank Mahon, Quartermaster; J. D. Quashen, Paymaster; Dr. J. J. O'Farrell, Chaplain; Dr. John S. Murphy, Rev. Father Langan, Chaplain; Color-Bearer, John Gleeson.

Co. A, Montgomery Guards; Captain, C. Quinn; First Lieutenant, W. Lee; Second Lieutenant, T. Butler; drill in Armer Hall every Thursday.

Co. B, First Life Guards; Captain, R. Cleary; J. G. Hayden, First Lieutenant; H. Fowles, Second Lieutenant; drill in Irish-American Hall every Thursday.

Co. C, Meagher Guards; Captain, J. Egan; D. T. Sullivan, Second Lieutenant; drill in Armer Hall every Thursday.

Co. D, Wolfe Tone Guards; Captain, J. Ladd; First Lieutenant, M. O'Brien; Second Lieutenant, John Byrne; drill in Armer Hall every Thursday.

Co. E, St. Patrick Guards; Captain, J. McNamee; First Lieutenant, H. Casey; Second Lieutenant, E. F. Gleeson; drill in Hall corner Sixth and Market every Tuesday.

Co. F, Shields Guards; Captain, M. Flanagan; J. Hand, Second Lieutenant; drill in Armer Hall every Thursday.

Co. G, Saratoga Guards; Captain, J. O'Donnell; drill in Hibernia Hall every Wednesday.

Jackson Dragons; Captain, E. M. Grimes; E. M. Phillips, First Lieutenant; T. W. Collins, Second Lieutenant; drill in Le Grande Armer every Friday.

Sons of the Emerald Isle; Captain, J. J. Mahon; President; drill in Irish-American Hall; John Kenny, President; J. Kelly, V. P.; J. O'Brien; B. S.; P. S. Guerin, F. S.; T. Burke, C. S.; J. O'Donnell; T. Dr. Newell, corner Mission and New Montgomery; President; drill in Hibernia Hall every Tuesday.

Hibernia Rifles; First Lieutenant, P. A. McDonald; Second Lieutenant, M. P. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall.

Second Lieutenant, N. Dwyer; Second Lieutenant, D. Magner; drill in Hibernia Hall every Tuesday.

Irish-Americans—Meet in Irish-American Hall, John Collins, President; T. McNamee, V. P.; J. O'Donnell, R. S.; M. J. McNamee, F. S.; J. Heany, C. S.; J. Grant, T. Dr. Hutchings, 222 Front street, Physical Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Association—Meet First Friday of each month at Irish-American Hall, M. Sullivan, President; M. Callahan, Secretary.

St. Joseph's Temperance and Benevolent Association—Meet First Saturday of each month at St. Mary's Catholic Church, 211 Clay street.

Father Brown Temperance Society—Meet every Sunday in the basement of St. Mary's Catholic Church, 211 Clay street.

St. Joseph's Benevolent Society—Meet in basement of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, J. H. Kelly, President; M. Winstan, Secretary.

Irish Volunteers—Captain, T. Lynch; drill on Mondays.

Thomas F. Burke Circle, F. B.—Centre, P. H. Lydon; Thomas F. Burke Circle, K—Hodges, V. P.

A. O. H. State Officers: M. Ward, S. D.; J. J. Donovan, S. S.

Counties Officers: M. J. Wren, C. D.; J. P. Meagher, G. E.; J. C. Brady, G. V.; J. P. Drady, G. S.; F. Carr, G. S.; T. J. O'Farrell, G. T.

Division No. 1—Meet first Friday of the month at Hibernia Hall. James Barrett, President; J. Ginty, V. P.; J. M. Dwyer, B. S.; M. Kelly, B. P.; O. D. Johnson, T. Dr.

Division No. 2—Meet first Thursday of the month at Hibernia Hall. James Cahill, President; W. Gillern, V. P.; B. McDermott, R. S.; J. Reed, F. S.; M. McManamy, T.

Division No. 3—Meet third Tuesday of the month at the Old Hall. T. M. Conolly, President; P. Kennedy, V. P.; P. D. Ryan, F. S.; P. McGuire, R. S.; O. Farrelly, T.

Division No. 4—Meet first and third Friday of the month at Irish-American Hall. J. Butler, President; T. M. Conolly, V. P.; T. D. Sullivan, R. S.; T. Flanagan, F. S.; P. Keneddy, T.

Division No. 5—Meet first Wednesday of the month at the Old Hall. Dolores Street. P. Haana, President; F. J. Johnson, V. P.; J. McGrath, B. S.; P. Harrington, F. S.; John Johnson, T. Dr.

Division No. 6—Meet second and fourth Friday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. M. C. Hassett, President; J. A. Lemon, V. P.; James P. Meagher, R. S.; Division No. 7—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Ringers' and Stewards' Hall, Pacific street. J. O'Dowd, President; M. Wherry, V. P.; J. W. Murphy, B. S.; W. Higgins, F. S.; J. O'Callaghan, T.

Division No. 8—Meet at the Old Hall. W. Gillern, President; T. Flynn, V. P.; H. McCloud, F. S.; W. Gaffey, T.; T. Laughlin, T.

Thos. F. Burke Circle F. B.—Meet every Tuesday in Hibernia Hall.

No. 115 Market street—Meet every Thursday at I. C. Hall, K. R. B. No. 2—Meet every Tuesday at I. C. Hall.

Bourke and Lubke Co., I. C.—Meet every Monday at I. C. Hall.

Frank Mahon, President; P. J. Casey, Secretary.

Thomas Davis Club, I. C.—Meet every Wednesday at I. C. Hall.

T. C. Maher, President; W. Coster, Secretary.

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

SACRAMENTO COUNTY—Division No. 1—M. V. O'Brien, C. D.; R. Hughes, P. F. Brown, V. P.; J. Cronin, B. S.; Lucy, F. S.; J. J. O'Farrell, T. Dr.

Division No. 2—B. Kelly, F. S.; J. Moran, V. P.; T. Welch, B. S.; R. J. Dowling, F. S.; M. Coffey, T. Dr.

SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY—Division No. 1 (Stockton)—Ward, O. D.; J. A. Morrissey, P. J. Murray, V. P.; J. McCarthy, B. S.; P. M. Darcy, F. S.; J. O. Donnell, T.

SOLANO COUNTY—Division No. 1 (Vallejo)—D. Bresnan, C. D.; J. Kelly, F. S.; J. Moran, V. P.; T. Welch, B. S.; J. J. O'Farrell, T. Dr.

ALAMEDA COUNTY—Division No. 1 (Oakland)—T. D. Cronin, C. D.; M. Fitzgerald, P.

YURA COUNTY—Division No. 1, (Marysville)—M. J. Pettit, C. D.; J. Byrnes, P. J. Walsh, V. P.; J. Donoghue, F. S.; M. Flynn, T.

Division No. 2, (Marysville)—J. McQuade, P. J.; Long, T. P.; M. Kelly, F. S.; Slattery, F. S.; A. Keating, T. Dr.

SANTA CLARA COUNTY—Division No. 1, (San Jose)—K. Kelly, C. D.; J. Johnson, V. P.; D. Coskay, B. S.; J. J. Connelly, F. S.; D. Noonan, T.

Division No. 2, (Santa Clara)—J. Cotter, P. H. Murphy, V. P.; J. Fitzpatrick, B. S.; J. Donovan, F. S.; T. Dr.

NAPA COUNTY—Division No. 1, (Truckee)—J. Creed, C. D.; M. Mahon, P. H.; M. Guy, B. S.; J. Quinn, F. S.; M. Mahon, T.

Hibernia Benevolent Society of Sacramento—J. Ryan, P. O'Brien, C. S.; Directors: J. McGuire, B. Ryan, J. J. Johnson, T. Dr.

We have started with the above as beginning point for what we intend to make a standing directory for all the Irish organizations, military and civic, on this Coast. To enable us to supply omissions and to make the Directory full and complete, we respectfully call on the members of the different benevolent societies of the city and State to forward us at once the name of their officer, the time and place of meeting, the date of their organization, and whatever other information they may deem important. We will publish all matters of importance without charge.

### T. C. Kirby on Love and Politics.

There is nothing like having a good opinion of oneself in this world. Possibly, if one looks beyond this world, the thing is somewhat different. But, while man plays his little part on the stage of life, self-glory often works wonders. It not merely enables those really possessing large endowments to get their abilities and virtues appreciated at more than their full worth, but even more frequently helps "unreal mockeries" of men to win love, pleasure, profit, power and celebrity—for the time being at least—all, in short, that mortals commonly prize and seek after. No doubt the human mind sometimes fails to keep up its requisite supply of wind, and collapses suddenly, whereupon humanity becomes, in a twinkling ludicrously manifest to the ill-judging and silly crowd so recently his rapturous idolators. Admitting that such a catastrophe occasionally occurs, I repeat that self-confidence, whether well-founded or the result of sheer impudent and pretentious self-conceit, except in peculiar circumstances and

therefore doggedly asserting that he possesses it.

Good reader, when you began this letter you may have thought that I was in a mood wholly trifling. But in apparent jest and levity there is often a sound moral partially concealed; and thus I think the present letter really inculcates a moral worth attending to. Irishmen, if they mean to save themselves and their country, must have the support of the world's good opinion. To win this, they must cultivate the sentiment of self esteem and learn duly to assert their own and their country's honor. But to rightly feel self esteem, they must develop all that is highest in their natures. They must train themselves to feel and think, and act, both earnestly and truthfully, and in all senses of the word, nobly.—*Irish Democrat*, April 5th.

### Los Angeles County.

The Great Valley of Los Angeles lying between the foothills and the Sea, is 40 miles in length from east to west, by about 15 miles in breadth from north to south, and contains 600 square miles. Between this valley and the hills on the north side is a broad belt of Table land, of equal extent to the Valley, and generally of equal quality; but combined form an area of 1,200 square miles. The whole contains in one body every desirable variety of soil, adapted to an equal variety of productions, and possessing a climate, which for mildness, equability of temperature, healthfulness, and deliciousness of softness, is unequalled in any part of the world.

The tule lands have a soil of great depth, and where irrigated are the best lands for plantations of the orange, lemon, lime, fig and all other semi-tropical fruits; and with or without irrigation, are said to be excellent vineyard lands. Frosts are so rare that they may be said to be unknown.

The more elevated valley lands, lying from five to fifteen miles from the sea, with an elevation of from 80 to 150 feet above the sea level, are also remarkably free from frosts, and are almost equally well adapted to the production of semi-tropical fruits and vines. Both produce all of the fruits of the temperate zone. All parts of the valley are noted for the production of corn, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, and vegetables of all descriptions. The harder vegetables are cultivated during the winter. In many places tomato and pepper plants live and grow without protection, and produce year after year.

On the lands near the coast there are thousands of acres of natural green pastures, on which it is said dairymen can make "June butter" every month in the year.

Textile plants, such as cotton, ramie and hemp, have been tested and succeed perfectly.

Upland cotton produces a full length of staple, with soft and fine fibre. Ramie grows luxuriantly, yielding two and three crops a year; once planted it requires no rearing or replanting, being perennial; the labor of the cultivator is confined to irrigating and harvesting the crop.

The rainfall is light, but as vegetation starts with the first rains and grows steadily throughout the mild winters there, by the time the rains cease falling, the grains and grasses have attained half their growth, and in consequence the harvest season commences from one to two months in advance of the northern part of the State.

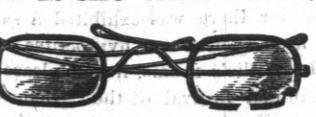
Sugar raising has never been tried in this part of the State, but there is no doubt that when fairly tested, it will be successful. The sugar-beet finds a congenial soil in our valley; it can be planted and grown every month in the year, and as a constant succession of crops can be raised, the sugar factory could be kept in full operation during the whole year, instead of about five months, as is in the northern part of the State. The fact is well worth the consideration of those about to invest in that business. The Chinese Sugar cane is perennial, the root does not die. The sugar-cane of tropical countries is also grown, by the native California population, and is sold in the markets of Los Angeles just as it is in the towns of the tropical countries further south. The winters there are not so cold, and the frosts are much less severe than in those parts of Texas and Louisiana where sugar raising is profitable, and whatever might be the results of the culture of the cane, there is no doubt as to the Sugar beet, which is certain to prove a success.

Oranges and lemons bear at nine years; and at twelve years each tree yields an average of from 600 to 1,000 fruits per annum; oranges are worth about \$4 per thousand. Lemons are in full bearing at five years and equally profitable. Figs in full bearing at five years, bear two crops. When dried pay well. The Olive and Pomegranate thrive everywhere in the valley. Walnut trees bear at nine years: at twelve yield from 80 to 100 pounds of nuts, worth from eight to ten cents per pound. Almonds come into full bearing at five years. The banana and pineapple have been raised and have ripened their fruit in the open air without protection. The date palm is perfectly hardy and produces fruit. The crops of fruit on the orange, lemon and lime are sure; they are entirely unaffected by any frosts that ever occurred in this valley. The walnut crop is also always sure, and the quality very superior.

Our English masters present a perfect contrast to us in this respect. John Bull lives in a chronic state of imperturbable arrogance and self-laudation. His country, he believes and tells you is superior to every other country.—British institutions are the model institutions for the humble imitation of the rest of mankind. Nothing outside Britain is of much account.—He doesn't try to understand, and if he did, he couldn't understand, anything foreign to the ideas in which he has been reared; he can never get out of the circle of his own habits.—Why should he look beyond himself? Is he not the finest fellow in the universe?—The Nonpareil of creation? He never lies or steals, or acts treacherously, or murders. He is the incarnation of morality. It is his mission to teach morality and "preach the Gospel to all nations." He may, indeed, sometimes have hung or blown from guns rebels against his rule. Irish or Indian, and done other slightly stern acts of that stamp. But to "squench" England's enemies of all and every means, is only a higher sort of humanity and justice, for it is manifestly impious to rebel against England, God's masterpiece of creation, or against the British constitution, the almost inspired masterpiece of the highest type of human being. An Englishman will moreover tell you that whatever act serves England, and increases her power, is right and ought to be done; whatever dead injures England and menaces her power is evil and ought to be left undone. He sees nothing wrong at home, nothing very good abroad. In Lowell's "Bigelow papers" there are some humorous lines happily embodying an Englishman's creed as to his own merits in the scale of creation. I regret I have not the book by me to quote them. They are scarcely a caricature of self-righteous John Bull's notions of himself and his canting horror of the wickedness of the rest of his fellow creatures. John Bull, however, is wise in his generation.—John is almost everywhence hailed as the possessor of extraordinary merit, simply because he

has people usually sprinkle the floors before they sweep them, says an old bachelor; so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order to sweep the cash out of their pockets.

### Now is the time for all



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**Themselves of Good Sight.**  
The latest improved Spectacles. Weak sight strengthened, and eyesight restored. Persons using these spectacles; superior to any now in common use. Persons may use these for any length of time without causing the sight to ache. Spectacles for \$1, and upward. As I have 35 years practice in the business, I have good experience in fitting the sight. All new spectacles repaired and replaced by J. O'NEILL, Optician. 407 Third street, near Harrison. Jy-4f

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To the Miner and others. You will save fifty per cent by using the GIANT POWDER exclusively.

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PRICE—Fifty cents per pound.  
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**INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, K Street Sacramento.**

**MARTIN & EISENMEYER, Proprietors.**

Board per Week \$4.00  
Board and Lodging per week, 1 m. \$5.00 to \$6.00  
Meals \$1.00  
Lodging, per week \$2.50 to \$3.00  
The Cars pass the Hotel every fifteen minutes to all parts of the city. Jy-4f

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**DEALERS IN**

## THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

### OUR PAPER.

**Wanted. Immediately.**  
The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

### THE NATIONALIST,

The antagonist of everything Sectarian or Secular, the Denouncer of Humbug and Fraud, the Foe to Monarchy and Tyranny, the Friend of Republicanism and Free Institutions, the Champion of Irish RIGHTS and the Rights of Humanity.

To make this Journal what it can become—a credit to the people for whom it is written—EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE is needed. Therefore, send in your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once, and make your friends do likewise to No. 5 Post street.

### Answers to Correspondents.

"G." Petaluma.—An Irish scholar, our friend "Torry," has kindly furnished the information you require: 1. From the Celtic "Mac Tighearnain" come the names Tiernan Kieran, and Kieran. The root of the ancient name is "Tigherna," a "lord," or "master;" on which account several Celtic families living within the Pale took the names MacMasters and Mastersons. Some of the MacMasters, however, are representatives of the Mac-an-Mhaighistir. The clan lands of the MacTernans were in the County Cavan. 2. The MacKenzies, like the Maguires and O'Hanlons, were a part of the Oirghialla. The territory now called Truagh in Monaghan belonged to "Clan Mac Cionneith." 3. Cullinan and Celisane are derived from O'Cuilinnain or O'Caileannan. These families were hereditary physicians in Munster and Galway. Their principal heritage was in Muskerry, now the Barony of Barrymore. 4. The most erudite Irish scholar now surviving is John O'Mahony, to whom indeed "Torry" cheerfully acknowledges his indebtedness.

P. B., Havilah.—We can't account for your paper going astray. Will talk to the Postmaster about it. Your fears that the NATIONALIST had caved in are utterly groundless. Every day adds to its vitality and vigor. Next year we'll tell you how long it means to exist; but we "ain't" dead or dying. Contrariwise, we are "alive and kicking."

J. H. Nortonville.—Your reply to our letter has not yet reached this office.

Virginia City.—Why was the correspondence forwarded not forwarded?

O. H.—The recent elections have made few changes in the officers of the Ancient Order in this city. J. T. Barron becomes G. V. P.; in Division No. 1, J. M. Dwyer is elected P. and J. P. Harrington R. S.; in No. 2, Wm. Simpson P. and J. B. Oliver V. P.; in No. 3, H. Gallagher P., D. Ryan V. P., J. Gallagher R. S., and E. Horrigan P. S.; in No. 4, J. Butler P., J. H. O'Farrell V. P., and T. Flanagan P. S.; in No. 5, B. Broderick V. P.; in No. 6, J. J. Desmond V. P., in No. 7, W. Higgins; in No. 8, Kelly P. S.; in No. 9, D. Coyne V. P., and T. Flynn R. S. The offices not mentioned here are filled as during last year, the former occupants being re-elected. Further information from the officers of the different divisions in this city and State is desirable.

E. G.—Kindly forward particulars of the ball of the Knights of the Red Branch in San Rafael.

M.—No sir: it does not follow that because a linguist like O'Hara Taaffe has been appointed Consul at this port for Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, he should be a Scandinavian. He is, we believe, of an old, Galway family. Strange things, however, sometimes happen to the descendants of Irishmen. There is a "Dutchman" named Kelly, born in Holland, and now living at the Seventeen-Mile House who, when he came to America, knew no English. He has an Irish face, and is probably the great-grandson of some Irish exile who served in the Old Brigade. El Senor Murray, Secretary of State in Costa Rica, does not speak English unless he learned it lately; but O'Hara Taaffe is said to be able to talk a trooper out of his boots, whether the trooper comes from Berlin or Paris, Sweden or Copenhagen, San Francisco or Connemara.

The Emmet Guards go on their annual excursion to San José on to-morrow (Sunday). The popularity of this splendid company is best attested by the fact that though tickets are sold only to parties of known respectability, the demand for them has been such that additional cars have had to be chartered. No tickets will, on any account, be sold on Sunday; and therefore, those who calculate on enjoying themselves thoroughly at the Pic-nic in the Garden City of the Pacific, should bestir themselves this evening.

The Knights of the Red Branch are energetic and determined. The National Festival comes of May 18.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Div. No. 7, will hold Grand Pic-nic in the City Gardens on June 15. We give further particulars next week.

Some articles and many items of importance are crowded out.

HIBERNIA RIFLES.—The preparations already made and those proposed by the Committee of Arrangements leave no doubt on our minds that the excursion of the Hibernia Rifles to the beautiful groves of San Rafael on to-morrow week, Sunday the 27th instant, and the picnic which then takes place, will afford the lovers of outdoor enjoyment one of the best opportunities this season can afford for spending a day of unalloyed pleasure in the most respectable society of the Irish population of California. The Hibernians are, as our readers know, an Irish revolutionary company, and, as such should receive the countenance and generous support of all lovers of Ireland.

A MOCKERY AND AN INSULT.  
If St. Patrick, when he looks down to earth at the time when the celebration of his particular day is puzzling the world, has not enough to do watching his Irish children, and keeping them up to the sticking point of never despairing of the old cause, no Saint in Heaven has. If on the last 17th of March his glance

fell on Bayblon, he doubtless thought of whitened sepulchres, for there was exhibited a sample of brass cheek, such as even hypocrites seldom put on. In Willis' rooms, if you please, was held the annual festival of the "Benevolent Society of St. Patrick," an association of which mother Victoria's son, Prince Arthur, is President, and thereby hangs a tale as long as any Celestial tail in San Francisco. The Prince condescended to be first fiddle on this occasion, the balance of the orchestra being made up of marquises, earls, lords, knights, colonels, generals, judges, members of Parliament, fine gentlemen generally, and finer ladies of course. There were a few big bugs from Ireland there, too, but they were of the class who live by plundering and oppressing the poor. To listen to the philanthropic sentiments expressed would, however, lead one to the belief that the persons assembled there are the greatest friends Ireland and the Irish have on God's wide earth. Their pretensions, it is satisfactory to know, mislead few of any people, and none at all of us. We find that after the cloth was removed, the royal President rose to propose the "Health of Her Majesty the Queen." Like a dutiful son, he eulogized her as the "gracious supporter of so many charities"—though she is known to be the most niggardly monarch in Christendom or out of it—and particularly as the patroness—"a saintly one, you bet"—of the society whose nineteenth anniversary they were met to celebrate." The eloquent Guelph here got somehow confused in trying to say what had brought such a crowd together, whether the society, or St. Patrick, or a cheerful willingness to throw dust into the eyes of our countrymen. "He hoped, however,"—of course he did, for his own bread and butter somewhat depended on it—"that the toast would be received with enthusiasm."

To prove what good they were engaged in, to give ocular demonstration of the Irish being helpless as well as down-trodden, and to satisfy the curiosity of the noble Anglo-Saxons assembled, five hundred children of the Irish poor of London were brought in procession through the banquet hall. This, apparently, was done to excite pity and open the purse strings of the millionaires. It was, in reality, an act of meanness, of which, perhaps, they were unconscious. The workmen of San Francisco have no titled appendages to their names under cover of which they rob the world, but they can, and do, raise more money at any meeting of theirs—for any praiseworthy object—than was raised by the Prince and the rest of the orchestra at the anniversary of their society. What we Irish want, and what we must prepare to fight for, is not alms, but rights—the right to live, the right to be free, the right to have and to own Ireland from shore to shore.

After getting some little way out of the fog in which his hypocrisy enveloped him, the royal orator thought of saying that, "they were assembled at a national"—that is the word he used—"at a national meeting of Irishmen to do honor to the anniversary of their patron saint." Now, St. Patrick must be mighty obliged to him for the "honor," that is if he doesn't think it a deadly insult. And we are much obliged to him also, for it is consoling to know that, even in high circles, the English begin to feel that their hold on our country is day by day growing weaker; and that, instead of the sword and scaffold of former times, retribution must now be had to blarney and soft savor. The Marquis of Londonderry (of the family of cut-throat Castlereagh) proposed as a toast the health of his Royal Highness, seemingly on the broad Scotch principle of "Caw me and I'll cau thee." Things got confusedly mixed at a later stage of this strange anniversary. The Marquis of Clanricard took the floor in support of what he called a "double sentiment—the Prosperity of Ireland and the health of the Lord Lieutenant." We should say there was indeed, something double about it—a something unnatural even—most suggestive of the Siamese twins, and calling for a severe surgical operation. Irish prosperity and the Lord Lieutenant, Irish freedom and Dublin Castle, Irish happiness and the hangman's rope!

There can be no real Irish prosperity of which we Irish have any ambition to be partakers in companionship with the Lord Lieutenant or the Lord Lieutenant's allies, Irish landlords and English bayonets. We want none of Clancarke's monstrous "double sentiments" or double bonds by which it is hoped to tie Ireland and England semipersonally together. We look on this London proceeding as a brazen fraud—quite consistent with England's tactics—a base mockery of the memory of our national Apostle, and a gross insult to the intelligence and aspirations of our people.

### MITCHELL.

We can do little more this week than announce the fact that the people of California, and determined to bear a hand in raising to John Mitchell a testimonial worthy of his noble life, and worthy also of the old land which he has loved so well and so long. We will not decant the claims he has on every man and woman who loves Ireland, but content ourselves with stating that this point of the Continent, the first American land he trod, naturally leads the van in doing him honor. Here "twenty golden years ago," he disembarked from the ship which bore him from penal servitude in Tasmania, and here he delivered that magnificent oration which we print elsewhere, and by which we had some trouble in getting for the benefit of our readers. We cannot afford to adopt the Irishman's suggestion;

that is, confine the raising of the Testimonial to Ireland and Great Britain. The high character and hard-won fame of John Mitchell as an Irish nationalist are world-wide, and therefore, such an undertaking must be world-wide also. Irishmen here will therefore take immediate steps to give practical help in this matter to their home brothers. Acting on the suggestions of tried nationalists in this city, we think we are not saying too much in promising that the best men on this coast will come forward, irrespective of party, race or section, to make the project take practical shape, and enable California to send on to Dublin a brick of gold, as our hearty contribution to the Testimonial. The clubs of the Irish Confederation and some other Irish organizations have already moved in this matter; but it is not intended to confine the Demonstration which will be made to societies of any kind. Persons of all nationalities have here a common platform on which to stand, and do honor to the veteran patriot. Respecting this movement, we shall keep our readers fully advised. We have no doubt of the signal success of this undertaking, and we thank the Irishmen for originating it. We spoke of it last week, and will speak of it again. As to Mr. Mitchell himself, his extreme sensitiveness not lost sight of him, but he belongs to the Irish people whom he has instructed, led, and defended; and, therefore, let the Irish people come forward with the nation's tribute, and lay it at the feet of the nation's idol.

### HONWARD.

(FROM THE SACRAMENTO TO THE SHANNON.)

EDITOR NATIONALIST.—You have known for some time of my long-cherished design of returning to the old land after the toil and travel of many years. I can't be much accused of loving toil for its own sake; but travel is my setting sin, and many a scrape did it plunge me into. Like our friend Pagan O'Leary, I got down to Peru and up to Canada, clambered among the Alleghanies, and got half drowned in the Missouri, and after all that had to join a train of pack mules to enable me to reach the California mines. What fortune I made there is no business of the public to know. How I lately got a pass from the railroad men to enable me to deadhead it to Omaha is, I think, business of my own. I thought of ingratiating myself into the favor of the big guns of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and as I have never lost my persuasive power which common mortals call blarney, I would have succeeded. I was for a week thinking what a splendid thing it would be to leave the solemn mud flats of Sherman Island and the agues of San Joaquin behind me, and strike out with my chum Jim through the Golden Gate,

Over the glad waters of the bright blue sea. Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free. But Jim wanted to see again the prairies where he made so many government mules git up and git, and accordingly I made myself so noisy in Sacramento on several late occasions that I was handed two passes to get rid of me, and stop where I pleased.

And that is why we let the "glad waters" alone. And we have stopped where we pleased, and go where we like, and if you imagine we are going anywhere straight, you don't know us, neither me nor Jim. I want to go to some places, and he wants to go to other places, and consequently, you may find our log something like the zig-zag course of a ship tacking against a head wind. Having been across the Atlantic and up and down it half a dozen times, we are in no particular hurry to get aboard, at least till the weather is a little finer. We are in Omaha now, but it is an open question between me and Jim, or Jim and me, where we shall go next. Except that Ireland looms up in the far east a promise of hope like a glorious beacon over the waves, we might turn back to get some decent weather. I can imagine linen dusters now visible on Montgomery street, but such a garment gives place here to whatever is nearest in comfort to Mexican blankets. The north-western sweep down from their icy halls, and set us shivering. Even betting men will take no chances on the continuance for a day of any kind of weather. Pleasant sunshine may be succeeded by rain or hail, frost, snow, or wind, or all of them together. If we hadn't met some whole-hearted fellows, and got some of Mac Namara's Irish whisky, in Douglas's street, we should have felt frost bitten. As it is, we are as well as can be expected.

When we left the Sacramento plains, and the iron horse plunged among the foot hills, and made tracks for the Sierras, we felt elevated in more senses than one. Far as the eye could reach there was spread before us a scene on every line of which the eye could rest with pleasure. Square leagues of springing grain, endless flower-clad pastures, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, the settler's cosy ranch, the miner's rough cabin, the torn hillside whence the gold has been delved, the endless fuchsias and ditches, the trailing vines, the yawning ravines over which the trestle wood work trembled, the waving pines and cedars, and the scrub oak which in former days gave us shelter, made us begin our homeward journey in thoughtful but jubilant spirits. Higher up and higher among the mountains wound our snorting steed, and by and by we came to gulches filled with snow, and soon we plunged into those wondrous sheds so cunningly constructed that the avalanche may harmlessly crash a thousand fathoms down, and bury itself unheeded in the depths below. We are borne in safety through the thunders of the storm, get through the last of the snow sheds,

and as per agreement between Jim and me, make our first stop at Truckee.

We were time enough at Omaha to witness the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. We were not long in finding out old friends and all the new ones worth having. Cozzen's Hotel which George Francis Train ordered to be set on fire as part of an illumination is still standing, though I might hint a fresh coat of paint would improve it. Train town, or Omaha Soul, has wonderfully improved, and the monster bridge across the Missouri is one of the elephants which must be seen to be appreciated. For the present, I will let the physical portion of my observations severally alone, and deal with the subject which concerns us most,—what Ireland may expect from the help of the men I have met since I left Rio Vista on the Scrament.

I never bet heavily on processions, or imagined we should measure our strength by the numbers engaged in them; but though the demonstration here by the banks of the Turgid Missouri would not compare with yours in San Francisco, still it was every way respectable.

General O'Brien, Col. Mulcahy, Col. Burke,

Messrs. Griffin, O'Neill, Frank Rooney and a number of I. R. B. men were active in making the affair a brilliant one. The city band and the band of the Ninth Infantry were out, Mr. Fitzmorris touched the harp along the line of march, and the Emmet Monument Association took charge of the general management of the parade. If the Red Branch Knights west, or the Clanna Gael east, don't know what the Emmet Monument means, they should learn as soon as possible. Michael Donovan served as Grand Marshal, with Messrs. Doran, O'Brien, Hall, Swift, O'Neill and others as aides. The militant Irish persuasion being a respectable profession here, the procession which was a mile long, was reviewed by the Mayor and Council. Captain Conner commanded the military, the civic societies were out in full force, and those who belonged to no society at all fell in and marched. As many as could find standing room in Redick's Opera House had the pleasure of listening to the orator of the day, Mr. O'Keefe. In the evening we made ourselves joyous at the ball given by the dashing fellows who constitute the Emmet Monument Association.

[For want of space, we must hold over a considerable portion of our correspondent's letter.]

## CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH....Proprietor and Manager

### Special Announcement.

The public is respectfully informed that during the SECOND WEEK of the engagement of

MRS. D. P. BOWERS

The following order of performances will be strictly adhered to. In consequence of the production of other novelties, there will be NO REPETITION OF THESE PLAYS:

Monday.....ELIZABETH

Tuesday.....LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET

Wednesday.....ELIZABETH

Thursday.....LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET

Friday.....Benefit of Mrs. Bowers, when THE HUNCHBACK will be presented with a great cast.

Saturday Evening.....MACBETH

Saturday Matinee.....MARY STUART

### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Will shortly be produced with Beautiful Scenery by Porter; elegant appointments, full chorus, and an excellent cast.

### THE CITY GARDENS

FOR THE

### Coming Picnic Season!

THE ATTENTION OF ALL SOCIETIES, ASSOCIATIONS and Military Companies is called to the advantages offered by these commodious and beautiful grounds for picnics and social visits. They can be purchased on any day in the week for picnic purposes the coming season on more advantageous terms than any grounds in the State.

### THE CITY GARDENS

Are of easy access without any tariff to Societies, and Shade Trees, beautiful Flowers and Picturesque Scenery; numerous Swings; two mammoth Dancing Pavilions; a natural Lake, with Pleasure Boats; Fountain and Observatory; Towers, all perfectly sheltered from the sun; a massive Restaurant, a large Dining Room, and every convenience for the accommodation of large parties. Picnics made. Everything has been placed in the most complete order for the coming season.

### THE CITY GARDENS

Are the largest in the State. They contain 8½ acres of Knoll and Shaded Lawns, Flower Gardens, etc., all capable of accommodating 20,000 persons with the greatest convenience. Extra Cars run directly to the Grounds.

Picnic Committees are especially invited to call and inspect the Grounds, and ascertain terms, which will be most favorable.

M. V. STEVENS, Proprietor.

Office hours 3 to 6 P.M. daily, at the Gardens, corner of 12th and Market Streets.

N. B.—\$0.00 Admission Tickets were sold by various Associations holding fests at the City Gardens last year. The sale of spirituous liquors will be prohibited on the grounds on Festival days.

ap19-ff

### MONTGOMERY'S HOTEL

227 and 229 Second Street.

SAN FRANCISCO.

complimentary

This Hotel is conducted on Temperance Principles, and offers Superior Accommodations to the public. The Table is always supplied with the best market affords, and no pains will be spared to give guests the comforts of a home.

Board per Week.....\$3.50

Five Meal Tickets for.....\$1.00

Board and Lodging per Week.....\$4.00

Single Rooms with Board (per week).....\$4.50 to \$5.

CHAS. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor.

ap19-ff

### TRY-D-B. EVORY'S DIAMOND

&lt;p

## THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

### CITY NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The picnic of the Legion of St. Patrick and Fenian Brotherhood last Sunday at Humboldt Park was quite a success. Over two thousand persons crossed the Bay, and improved their tempers by taking part in the enjoyment provided for them. The day was splendid, and the place—though small—well selected. Dancing in the pavilion to orchestral music, and under the oaks to that of Irish bag-pipes was a prominent feature in the programme. No accident or quarrel turned up to mar the happy meeting which prevailed, and early in the evening all returned satisfied with the day's pleasure. The only shortcoming we noticed was, that the number of bayonets out was less than on St. Patrick's Day. Now, as the picnic was announced to be given in aid of Irish liberty, might we ask these stay-at-home Fenians what excuse they have to offer for shirking a little sentinel duty? Some of them, indeed, had the cheek to go to the Park in citizen attire, and dance with the girls, whilst their comrades were duty preventing the possibility of a mishap. It is certainly easier to ride than to walk three miles; but it has such a lazy hook about it that we wouldn't swear such men will ever march, or even sail to Ireland.

Whoever has a few hundred spare dollars can call on Mr. Cargoditch, at the American Hotel, who will explain how untold treasures of platinum and silver and gold, and maybe something more precious may be secured by the party he is organizing to proceed to a portion of British territory two thousand miles north of San Francisco. Several untoward circumstances have prevented Mr. Cargoditch from bringing much of the "plunder" here; he's going this time, he says, to make it all right. When that party gets so far towards the north pole they might as well go to the pole itself, and bring down to Tucker the diamond crown which King Boras hung on it long ago lest it might be lost in his rapid journeys south. We'd like to know what's the good of gold without a show of diamonds.

These never try to soar like eagles. They show a little sense. The readers of a heavy morning paper of this city are informed that Monday last was fine. This is how the blockhead expressed it: "There was plenty of ethereal mildness yesterday." What does he know about things otherwise?

A young lady composer setting up poetry in a printing office on Montgomery street, on coming to a sweet line about "The odor of freshly-blown roses," happening to glance at the sidewalk and see one of her adorers standing there in silent admiration, very naturally dipped her fingers into the wrong box, took out an "i" instead of an "r," and so the line when finished, read "The odor of freshly-blown noses." That might suit the gent with the perfumed handkerchief outside; but we doubt if any poet would like to have his lines thus interfered with by any lover in creation.

There have not been many shooting or cutting scrapes in the city this week. The most sensational occurrence of the last few days was the escape of a Chinaman from the Pest house in South San Francisco. In the delirium of small pox, he rushed from his bed, and made tracks for the Bay. Not being encumbered with clothes, he plunged into the water, and swam to Long Bridge. Ripping in a hurry to get to the city he rushed into a railroad car, and set the ladies there screaming with mingled shame and terror. There was a stopping of horses and rush for the door. The naked Celestial was lassoed like any other dangerous animal, but not without striking wildly. Some clothes were put on him, and Dr. Churchill took him in his buggy back to the pest house. He is one of the cargo delivered here on Sunday last.

Here is a pithy and pitiful story clipped from Wednesday's *Call*:—Ellen Sullivan is very unfortunate. In the first place she is poor; in the second place she is not handsome; in the third place she is sixty-five years of age, and in the fourth place she only stole about fifteen cents worth of barley. Our readers will perceive that her case is therefore destitute of one attenuating circumstance. There was no reason why honest corporal should snatch her from herself, nor why chivalry should present itself with ready hand, and so the old woman languished for three months in jail until the lawyers were ready to try her, and no one thought or cared one cent about her, because she was poor and homely, and old, and had stolen only fifteen cents' worth. Yesterday her turn came in the Municipal Criminal Court, and she was sentenced to fifteen days more in the County Jail, and told to consider herself lucky.

The pictures which the *Chronicle* gives of Capt. Jack and others other Modocs should be sent to the law beds. They would materially assist in terrifying the braves into submission. The *Chronicle*, however, is a live paper and must therefore have a lively imagination.

Montgomery's Hotel, 227 Second Street furnishes from 600 to 1,000 meals every day, and general satisfaction is expressed by all its patrons at the strict, orderly, and proprieator conducts it.

The cigar manufacturers, like the men of boots and shoes, have discovered that it is shortsighted policy to hire Chinese. They are beginning to advertise for white boys to learn the business. Since 1867, the Pacific Mail Company's Steamship, have brought over \$3,000,000 to San Francisco, and get a government subsidy to enable them to continue the work.

The safety of parading the streets at three o'clock in the morning may be guessed from the luck Charles Sanderson had on Thursday. Four ex-convicts "went through him" after knocking him down at the corner of Pacific and Dupont streets. The man, however, were captured and lodged in the calaboose.

The Lecture Hall of St. Ignatius College was well filled by a select and fashionable audience last Friday evening. The occasion was a literary and musical treat provided for their friends by the members of the Ignatian Society. Apart from the music and song which were rendered admirably, the chief feature of the entertainment was an able debate on this thesis—"Resolved, that Chinese immigration is detrimental to our country." Messrs O'Day and Campbell made the most of a bad case, but the eloquence and logic of Tobin and C. A. Dunn, who supported the affirmative, carried the house with them. Mr. R. P. Sullivan delivered a splendid recitation: the young ladies contributed their share to the enjoyment afforded, the young gentlemen of the Society felt proud, and their friends were delighted. We will next week refer to greater length to this excellent society, and to the good it is unquestionably doing.

A hundred fools—well not fools, but fellows—congregated in front of the Hibernia Bank to witness the eclipse of the sun which some practical joker had said was going to occur on Thursday last. As it was full moon last Saturday, and as, therefore, there can be no new moon till the 26th, these geniuses must have been either moonstruck or strangely forgetful of the knowledge they never had of heavenly bodies. Had it been night, we suppose they wouldn't have expected a solar eclipse, though had we seen them there at untimely hours, we might have concluded they were contemplating a dash at Myles D. Sweeney's treasure vaults, or at least on the Bourbon tanks of Donnelly & Kerr.

One Theodore Jackson, colored, has invented a chemical compound which can turn every negro to a bright Egyptian color. An evening paper suggests that some one should now turn his attention to inventing a man-

chine which might take the kink out of their wool and so let whites and niggers be fellow-citizens. We suppose the thick lips and long heels shall next have their turn.

At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors, Mr. Story, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee read an exhaustive report on the petition of Messrs Taylor, Howes, Risdon, and others, for a lease of a portion of China Basin for a term of fifty years. The report was adverse to the petition; but as the petitioners have plenty of money, they will not easily despair of sometime somehow winning.

Sunday last saw the steamship Colorado find on our wharves another herd of 1,200 Mongolians. They brought us a little present, the small pox. Other ship loads may be expected. Under such a visitation it needs a full supply of animal spirits (or spirits of the other kind) to sing of Daniel O'Connell's "Song the Tartar Hordes." He sings or says:

"We are coming, California, some fifty thousand more." That, in all truth, is bad enough, but Dan makes them threaten us with worse, and puts into their mouths the following:

"We can do your woman's labor at half a woman's rate; we can load the stately vessels that pass in your Golden Gate."

We'll monopolize and master every craft upon your shores."

And we'll starve you out with fifty—aye, five hundred thousand more!

The Chinese have proved their right to be considered civilized byimitating one of the lowest institutions that bring discredit on San Francisco. They have in fact organized a Chinese Hoodoo society, go armed, and extort black mail from their outcast females!

The Temperance halls continue to be thronged with intelligent audiences. Last Sunday evening, Professor Knowlton grew a tribe philosophic in addressing the Father Mathew society on "Our Girls," and Stephen Maybell was kind enough to recite some of his own poetry in his own characteristic manner. Mrs. Dr. Carr roused up the Temperance Legion by an effective discourse, and as to the Dashaways, they won't want any rousing for a month after witnessing the tragic mimicry in which Delor Howe denounced "Public Corruption," and proved we are going headlong to the devil.

### MARKET REPORT.

[From the Commercial Herald of April 18th.]

The month has more than half passed, and we are not yet favored with the full average spring trade, commonly enjoyed at this season of the year. Our jobbers very generally complain of a dull trade, and seek in vain a satisfactory solution of the problem. Outside of commercial circles, complaints of a monetary stringency are far more prevalent than within. The prolonged absence of rain at a season when most needed by the growing grain has a tendency to check the deliveries of Wheat by large holders, some well-to-do farmers not being willing to part with the grain until the crop question is placed beyond danger.

**WHEAT**—The Oriflamme from Oregon brought down 2,900 lbs, being the first installment of a lot of 1,000 tons, brought there for export, and for lack of a ship at that point, sent here for shipment to the United Kingdom. Exports to Great Britain and Ireland are still continued on a liberal scale, one grain fleet for the current harvest year alone now numbering about 310 ships, carrying in round figures 9,000,000 cts., valued at \$15,000,000—more than double the amount ever before exported in a like period.

**DAIRY PRODUCTS**—Butter supplies are very liberal. Shipments East for the season have no doubt ceased. We now quote fresh roll table Butter at 22½¢ per lb. California Cheese, 12½¢; choice new, 15¢; Eastern cheese, 16½¢; for good to choice. Fresh California Eggs, still at 25¢; 15,000 dozen Oregon, received by steamer, selling at 20¢/doz.; Eastern, now arriving, selling at 20¢/doz.

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**POTATOES**—The quantity of available stock yet remaining in the State is less than 50,000 sacks. Of these we estimate 20,000 sacks to be Humboldt. The present price \$1@15, with a hardening tendency; 20,000 sacks Bogeda, Petaluma, and Tomales, and for these ruling rates 75@85c.

**CATTLE**—Beef is plentiful, selling by the quarter at 65¢/lb. Calves, 7@9c. Mutton, 6@8½c. Lambs, 10c. Hogs on foot are plentiful, but the demand is light; prices, 5½@7c for live, and dressed, 7@10c; the latter price for small.

**Wool**—The spring clip is now coming in freely, and general appearance is favorable. Prices, however, rule low. Sales for the week in lots, approximate 225,000 lbs at 18¢/doz for good, clean fleece, average staple. The Mission Woolen Mills paid 5¢ for a small clip of blooded stock, long staple. This is the very top notch; the quotation 22½¢/doz for selections of this character. Burry and inferior rule from 12½¢/doz; some very dirty lots, 10@11c. The market, at best, is very sluggish, as Eastern advices are not favorable to any.

**TOBACCO**—Imports from January 1st to April 16th; Bales 888, pkgs 1,364, cs 1,411, hds 12. Overland: Cases 4,197, bales 1,318, pkgs 1,230.

**BAGS AND BAGGING**—It is computed that 8,000,000 Grain Sacks, or their equivalent in Hessian Piece Goods, have been shipped to this coast from Great Britain for use the approaching season. The supply will doubt be increased by shipments via Panama should the exigencies of a large crop require it. At present the market is very quiet and prices nominal, and this state of things will continue until we have rain.

**DRY GOODS**—CLOTHING, ETC.—Cotton goods are the turn cheaper, as noted in our last. We quote Sheetings, brown, 36-18½ to 18; do medium, 36-18½ to 14½; do light, 36-8, 8 to 8½c. The Spring trade is now in full blast, requiring fresh supplies of Staple and Fancy Goods from the East and elsewhere. Arrivals via Panama from England and France are considerable, with daily supplies of Domestic, etc., from the East by rail. The Mission Woolen Mill is expecting a large Government contract for Blankets, etc.

**WHISKY**—The Stock is large, and the market quiet for all kinds other than the usual jobbing demands. We quote common Bourbon, \$1 75 to 2; good to choice old, \$2 25 to 4 50. Eastern High Proof common, commands \$1 10. Sales of J. H. Cutler's S. U. Still and Miller's fine Bourbon, in lots, at our quotations.

**ASTROLOGER**

DR. JOHN BOIL, the most wonderful Fortune Teller in the world, can be found at No. 895 Pacific Street, between Stockton and Powell. He uses all kind of witchcraft, cures all diseases and spells, causes love, returns lost property, removes evil influences, cures drunks from drinking. He will give love and luck to all who want it. Don't forget to call and see him.

**NOTICE**

The Trustees and shareholders of THE NATIONALIST Printing and Publication Company,

are requested to meet at the office, No. 5 Post Street, Tuesday evening, April 22d, at 7-30 P. M., to receive Managers report and transact important business. M. MILES, President.

### TESTIMONIAL.

HALL OF THE IRISH CONVENTION, San Francisco, April 14, 1873.

MISS AUGUSTA L. DARGON—Madame: It being understood that you have returned to San Francisco, having completed your engagements on the Pacific Coast, and are about to return East. In accordance with a resolution passed on the 13th inst., by the Irish Convention, we respectfully tender you a testimonial benefit, at whatever time and place you may select, as a recognition of your kindness in adding to the literary exercises of St. Patrick's Day, and of your talents and patriotism, and would request that you repeat the recitation of Davis's battle-ballad of "Fontenoy."

Yours, very respectfully,

JOHN KENEALY, President.

J. M. CONNOLLY, Vice-President.

JOHN GRANT, Treasurer.

D. COVENEY, Secretary.

M. WARDE, Committee on Literary Exercises.

JOHN RYAN, M. F. CUMMINGS, JAMES BARRETT, Grand Marshal.

COL. M. C. SMITH, Chief Aids.

DAN'S SWEENEY, JOHN H. MILL, Chief of Staff.

COL. P. F. WALSH, Major of Staff.

M. V. STEVENS, City Gardener.

By order of the Convention.

JOHN KENEALY, President.

D. COVENEY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14, 1873.

MISS AUGUSTA L. DARGON—Madame: It affords us pleasure to join with our fellow citizens in tendering you the proposed testimonial in recognition of your merit and patriotism.

Yours, very respectfully,

James R. Kelly, James O'Sullivan,

Robert Sherwood, P. McCaran,

Richard Tobin, Robert J. Tobin,

Philip A. Roach, P. H. Cannagan,

Wm. S. O'Brien, Denis Lyons,

T. F. McCarthy,

J. H. Tobin, John Flanagan,

Michael Kane, Mathew Nunan,

Edward Commins, T. D. Pitt,

John Burke Phillips, John O'Kane,

D. Jordan, John Flanagan,

Wm. Corcoran, Kelly & Egan,

Phillip McShane, J. D. Kelly,

Richard Carroll, Wm. McMahon O'Brien,

J. Shea, John Kelly, Jr., Frank Mahon,

Daly & Ward, Richard O'Sullivan,

T. J. Broderick, H. J. Byrne,

Wm. J. Connolly, Frank Foley,

P. J. White, J. H. Blaney,

John Parnell, C. O'Connor,

J. Desmond: Joseph Hill,

Kerby, Byrnes & Co., Keane, O'Conner & Co.,

Kennedy & Tobin, Kennedy, O'Neil & Brennan,

J. J. O'Brien, C. Talbot & Co., Colonel A. Wason,

Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, April 17, 1873.

MESSRS. KENEALY, BARRETT, SWEENEY, KELLY, DONAHUE and others—Gentlemen: It is with feelings of gratitude and pleasure that I reply to your request. I shall be most happy to give Readings and Recitations at Platt's Hall on Friday evening, April 25th, when no effort on my part will be spared to merit your kind approval.

Yours most respectfully,

AUGUSTA L. DARGON.

The above testimonial benefit will take place at Platt's Hall, FRIDAY EVENING, April 25th. Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Reading will commence at Eight.

Tickets—ONE DOLLAR.

JOHN H. CARMANY & CO., BOOK, NEWSPAPER AND Job Printers, 409 Washington Street, Opposite Post Office..... SAN FRANCISCO.

Are Publishers of the following Periodicals:

COMMERCIAL HERALD.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY.

## THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

### THE SWORD SONG OF THEODORE KOERNER.

[BY LADY WILDE.]

On the last night of Theodore Koerner's fatal young life, when an engagement on the morrow seemed imminent, as the French Army, under Davout, were hovering near, the excitement of his feelings denied him either sleep or rest. His soul like a burning altar brand, sheathed in the frailst clay, could not choose but reveal itself in flame. And as he peeped up and down in the early dawn, he wrote down on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, that wild wonderful song, destined to be so famous from the tragic circumstances of the composition, in which the fire of his nature has become, as it were, fixed and enduring for all ages, as the fiery spark prisoned within the opal gem. Some idea of the fierce power of this bridal hymn of Battle may be had from the following translation:

#### THE SWORD SONG.

Sword in my right han' I gleaming,  
Where Freedom's Flag is streaming.  
I grasp thee in pride,  
My Love, My Bride,  
Hurrah!

Fierce in thy glorious beauty,  
I'll guard thee with lover's duty.  
Unsheathed in the light,  
For God and the Right,  
Hurrah!

Where the blood-red rain is falling,  
I'll answer my lovers' calling.  
For the sword by thy side,  
Is a Patriot's Bride,  
Hurrah!

And so thou art crowned victorious,  
With the Palm or the Laurel glorious,  
Let the battle's breath,  
Bring life—bring death,  
Hurrah!

Ha, sword, in thy scabbard clashing,  
Dost thirst for the wild war flashing.  
Roun'd the flag of the free,  
When th'ust wed with me!  
Hurrah!

Our vows be the swift balls bounding,  
Our hymns be the trumpets sounding.  
Let the earth rush red,  
For our bridal bed,  
Hurrah!

When Freedom's flag is leading,  
Where tyrant foes lie bleeding.  
I pant and pine  
For the crimson wine  
Hurrah!

The sheath may no longer cover  
My lips from the lips of my lover,  
As the lightning bright,  
I leap to the fight;  
Hurrah!

Then, forward! all dangers braving,  
As a flame in thy right hand waving.  
Whether crowded or dead,  
Ere the day has fled,  
Hurrah!

Forward! where glory is calling—  
Forward! where tyrants are falling—  
Where the red ranks ride  
I shall bear my bride,  
Hurrah!

As a lover her bright form pressing  
To my heart in mad caressing,  
With a wild delight  
As a bridegroom might,  
Hurrah!

Thunder with thunder meeting  
Be the chant of our bridal greeting,  
At the Altar stand  
Freedom's sacred band,  
Hurrah!

Curse on the coward would falter,  
Curse on the coward would falter,  
Be her kissrose red,  
On the dying of dead,  
Hurrah!

Now the bridal morn is breaking,  
The true...peal the awaking.  
With my iron blade,  
Fate and Death are defied,  
Hurrah for the Bride—  
Hurrah!

MORE OF THE COOLIE CHINER.—A few days ago it was announced that one of the largest boot and shoe manufacturing firms had discharged all of its Coolie apprentices, and was advertising for white apprentices. We were somewhat surprised at the information, and set inquiries on foot to find out what unselfish motive had induced the gentlemen composing the firm to shut down on Coolie labor, conceded by all to be so profitable to the monopolist and employer. To our surprise we learned that Coolie labor is no longer as profitable as was formerly supposed; in fact that the rich man's coolies are as much in danger of being depleted by it as the pockets of the poor. This most unselfish firm explained that they were just beginning to learn that they had warmed a viper in their bosom—that so far from making money by their cheap artisans, they were losing money and business both together. The Chinamen, after a time, became somewhat adept at the trade, and then quit work, and set up on their own account. They manufacture boots and shoes for themselves offer them for sale at prices far below the trade rates. Country dealers who are aware of this go to the Chinese dealers to buy their goods, and the business of the large houses in whose employ the Chinamen learned their trade, decreases in proportion. This, then, is the reason, most unselfish capitalists, that you have thrown out the Coolie, and now advertise for white apprentices. Not that you love the white boy more, but the Coolie, that was once so dear to you, less. So long as you imagined that you were willing to see the white laborer remaining idle in your streets, you were willing that the sons of this manhood should grow up in idleness; that, consorting with bad companions, they should finally find themselves within the prison walls; for you were making money and cared not, though crime and vice went rampant, so they touched not your bags and coffers. But now in faith, we find the shoe is on another foot, and we sincerely hope that we may place and press until your aching hearts compel you to cry and bellow in good earnest. We do not know that the labor market in this city will ever again offer a fair prospect for the working man and mechanic as heretofore; but we sincerely hope that the Coolie may get the better of the capitalists who first instructed him in trades from which white men were displaced to give him room. We thought such grievous hardships could not always rest upon the shoulders of the poor.—*Editorial Guardian.* New York Journal of Commerce and New-York Tribune.

### The Irish Parliament.

Its Last Night Sketched by Barrington.

The Commons' House of Parliament, on the last evening, afforded the most melancholy example of fine, independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and betrayed, State, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her Parliament to vote away the constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connection. They were employed to cancel the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British Government, sanctioned by the British Legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the Great Seal of their monarch.

The situation of the speaker on that night was the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence. It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feeling; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches, scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members, nobody seemed at ease, no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

At length the expected moment arrived. The order of the day for the third reading of the Bill for a "Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland," was moved by Lord Castlereagh. Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

At that moment he had no country, no God but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

Confused murmur again ran through the House; it was visibly affected. Every character in a moment seemed involuntarily rushing to its index; some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not despach some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honors and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the Bill for a moment; he looked steadily around, and on the last agony of the existing Parliament. He lengthened his speech, in an emphatic tone. "As many as are of the opinion that this Bill will pass, say aye." The affirmative was languid but indispensible; another momentary pause ensued; again his lips seemed to decline their office at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, "The Ayes have it." The fatal sentence was now pronounced; for an instant he stood silent-like; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit.

An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland as a nation, was extinguished.

### Irish Family History.

M'SWEENEY.

"McSweeney's heavy battle-axes  
Thirst to drink the foeman's gore."

The McSweeney's, or McSweenys, are of Milesian extraction, deriving their descent and surname from Suhine, or Sweeny, son of Donlevy O'Neill, son of Hugh Athlach, of the race of Heremon, as appears from the following pedigree of the principal branches of this family, compiled from the celebrated genealogical book of Donald McFirbis:

PEDIGREE OF MCSEWNEY OF FANAD.

1. Donal Gorm McSweeney, 18 Murtoch Midig, son of 2. Donal, son of 19 Donal Ardmac, son of 3. Murtoch, son of 20 Murtoch, son of 4. Murtoch, son of 21 Nial Glumluib, son of 5. Murtoch, son of 22 Nial Caillies, son of 6. Murtoch, son of 23 Nial Caillies, son of 7. Murtoch, son of 24 Hugh, son of 8. Murtoch, son of 25 Nial Frasach, son of 9. Murtoch, son of 26 Ferrall, son of 10. Murtoch, son of 27 Ferrall, son of 11. Murtoch, son of 28 Hugh, son of 12. Murtoch, son of 29 Donal, son of 13. Murtoch, son of 30 Murtoch, son of 14. Murtoch, son of 31 Ercra, son of 15. Murtoch, son of 32 Eoghan, son of 16. Hugh Athlach, son of 33 Eoghan, son of 17. Flanry, an trodán, 34 Nial, of the Nine Host lands, monarch of Ireland.

PEDIGREE OF MCSEWNEY NA-BAGNA.

1. MacSweeney Morweeney, 6 Torloch, son of 7 Eoin, son of 8 Eoghan, son of 9 Eoghan, son of 10 Eoghan Oig, son of 11 Murdoch Moir, son of 12 Murdoch Moir, son of 13 Nell, son of 14 Eoghan, son of 15 Murdoch Moir.

Vide supra.

PEDIGREE OF MCSEWNEY NA-BAGNA.

1. MacSweeney Morweeney, 6 Torloch, son of 7 Eoin, son of 8 Eoghan, son of 9 Eoghan, son of 10 Eoghan Oig, son of 11 Murdoch Moir, son of 12 Murdoch Moir, son of 13 Nell, son of 14 Eoghan, son of 15 Murdoch Moir.

Vide supra.

PEDIGREE OF THE CLAN SLEIBHEEN CONCHAIT, OR THE CONACHAIL MCSEWNEY, OTHERWISE THE MCSEWNEYS OF TIRLOCH MURDOH.

1. Rory, Donal and Deo, 8 Murdoch, son of 9 Donal na madhama, son of 10 Eoin, son of 11 Murdoch, son of 12 Murdoch, son of 13 James, son of 14 Eoin, son of 15 Murdoch, son of 16 Cella, son of 17 Murdoch, son of 18 Murdoch, son of 19 Eoin, son of 20 Murdoch, son of 21 Murdoch, son of 22 Murdoch, son of 23 Murdoch, son of 24 Murdoch, son of 25 Murdoch, son of 26 Murdoch, son of 27 Murdoch, son of 28 Murdoch, son of 29 Murdoch, son of 30 Murdoch, son of 31 Murdoch, son of 32 Murdoch, son of 33 Murdoch, son of 34 Murdoch, son of 35 Murdoch, son of 36 Murdoch, son of 37 Murdoch, son of 38 Murdoch, son of 39 Murdoch, son of 40 Murdoch, son of 41 Murdoch, son of 42 Murdoch, son of 43 Murdoch, son of 44 Murdoch, son of 45 Murdoch, son of 46 Murdoch, son of 47 Murdoch, son of 48 Murdoch, son of 49 Murdoch, son of 50 Murdoch, son of 51 Murdoch, son of 52 Murdoch, son of 53 Murdoch, son of 54 Murdoch, son of 55 Murdoch, son of 56 Murdoch, son of 57 Murdoch, son of 58 Murdoch, son of 59 Murdoch, son 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## THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

### A REVERIE.

[BY P. J. MALONE.]

ON HEARING AN IRISH TURISH SING IN THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 1, 1873.

Ha! what sound is that, most familiar to my ear among the voice of all the birds That chirrup in yon Babel aviary?— That resounds my childhood's soul and wakes The sleeping memories of boyhood.— That conjures up the ghosts of bygone years, And makes me seem "at home" again; "At home" among the clover-fields and sunny Dells, the hills and valleys of my native Erin, That still remember me, as of old, though To all in native place I'm an utter stranger. Ah! me! how sad the thought, That I am a stranger in a strange land, And utterly unknown in the very spot Where I was born—only the landscape still Remembers me. All else is "foreign" to me, and to it all else. A new generation that knows me not, has taken the place of my acquaintances—of father, mother, and Of brothers dear; of schoolmates and of those Who were my playmates, not one remains; The hand of death, of time, of famine, and, The spoiler's hand hath removed them all, And scattered them to the four winds of Heaven. Some have found an early Irish grave, And sleep in yonder holy ground, where By the ruined abbey wall, my fathers Sleep others have fallen beneath the Southern Cross or in Canadian wilds; still others Have left their bones to bleach on Arctic shores Or India's sands, and more have fallen Bravely fighting for a cause not theirs, and For a people who thank them not—and Yet not a few straggle on, cheerless and hopeless, Augmenting the stock of every nation's Greatness but their own; or raising up a Progeny that, in a few years hence, will deny "the rock from whence it has been hewn, and the pit from which it has been digged."

Ah, me! sad fate is this of a brave And generous-hearted race, to "manure The earth and sink into it"—to "die and make no sign." What sin has it been guilty of? That it should be thus punished? Is it A sin not to be selfish in an age Of selfishness? To be generous and Magnanimous in an age that's neither? Has the moral order of the world been Reversed, and her virtue become Vice, and vice Virtue? If so, then The blaspheming atheist is right when He says, "There is no Providence," that "Men make their own Providence," and that "Might makes right." But I will not despair, For the soul is ever young, and it is the Souls of individuals that make the soul of A nation. Though in this money-getting, Materialistic, matter-of-fact Place, the idealism and unselfish Generosity of my race is as Much out of place as thy song, sweet exile, Still, like thee, we have our uses in the order Of Providence. Thou callest back the soul Of my youth, ere it became corrupted By the world's ways, and maketh me feel a Boy again—young as when, a school-lad, I Went bird's nesting among the briar, and Holly, and hawthorne; and from the sunny Corpse stabled the ancestors, who with loud Screams fluttered to the top of the trees, In the century-old orchard of Carrick-A-Varan, where they piped their melody O'er the blue waters of Lake Bellahoe, Where erst the guns of Ireton and O'Neill Made music of a different kind.\* We have our uses, and that use, here, is To keep a soul in this most soulless nation. I am thy fellow-exile, and though not Caged like thee, am as much as thou art Out of my native element and place.

\* Lake Bellahoe is a beautiful sheet of water, eight or ten miles in circumference, the most southern of the chain of lakes and lake valleys extending many miles north into the province of Ulster and barony of Farney, anciently the ancestral patrimony of the MacMahons, the forefathers of the present French Marshal of that name. The property was confiscated in the name of James the first, and is now owned by an Englishman, the Earl of Bute. On the eastern border of the lake runs an old road leading from Dublin, and what used to be the English "Pale" into Ulster. An old bridge-broke now—spanned the river Glyde, that takes its rise in this lake. The banks slope gently on either side—the Leinster and Ulster sides—to the river. It was "the gap of the north." Here Owen Roe O'Neill, in 1650—disputed the passage of Ireton, Cornwall's son-in-law into Ulster. The battle was an artillery duel, and resulted in a drawn fight. At the cleaning and deepening of the river in 1835 I have seen some of the cannon balls dug up that were fired in that battle.

### Sesquipedalian Oratory.

How Timothy Virgilus O'Doherty the Irish School Master became His Antagonist.

[BY W. F.]

Having noticed for some time back the tendency of many San Francisco speakers to indulge in words of learned length and thundering sound, we have thought it expedient to print a sample which may save them the trouble of consulting Webster's "Unabridged." The mighty thunderer who rolled off the following speech fifty years ago was a pedagogue in Carrickabrig, a village on the beautiful Avon Mor. A rival who had the effrontery to open another seminary for the "confusion of useless knowledge," having threatened his long- unquestioned supremacy, Timothy Virgilus convened a meeting of the parents and friends of his pupils, and proceeded to enlighten them in the following lucid fashion:—

"The intelligence having appropriated to my auricular organs, that certain excommunicated schedules have been quothionally promulgated through the romantic habitations of Carrickabrig and its proximate vicinity, tending to the hitherto untarnished escutcheon of philomaths, and calculated to bring undeserved odium on those leonine patrons of utilitarian literature, I have determined to present myself to your ocular propinquity in propria persona, that I may locate before the portals of your capacious imaginations, the transparent niftiness and polyloquibolous pomposity of which they are a concomitance; that I may in publico unfold the thunders of my genius,

and ingurgitate, in the Maelstrom of semiperturbation, the ululating scryer of these verminparoxysms ebullitions. And were it not that for the evangelical mandate or Christian charity, supplemented by the internal promptings of my monitorial conscience, restrains me from entering into a pugilistic encounter with so unworthy an antagonist, the termination of this matter may be, that I would, at a paulopost future period, be impaled on some *infelix arbor* for the making this terraqueous orb of ours *minus* that grammivorous cacodemon of pervercity and tergiversation. But, whilst I can enter the literary arena, and potentially wield a goose quill, my method of castigating such turgescent mononities shall be to abnegate their heterodoxical effusions with the knife of learning, and to open the catafalques of gigantic intellect on their supercilious parchments.

And, in this, my friends, you will acknowledge that I am acting without the slightest symptom of irrationality, or in any wise contrary to the fundamental constitution of metaphysical ingenuity. For I and have an instinctive loathing of intonating the harmonious trumpet of my own praises! I have probated myself to be profoundly erudite in all the intricacies of mythological lore; you have watched through the key hole of astonishment at my multitudinous labors in the glorious cause of literature and civilization; you have beheld how effervescently I conducted the sprigs of juvenility under my tutelary protection, from the serpentine borrows of ignorance and sonnambulism unto the *ritus sacra* of knowledge and literature, adjacent to which the Pierian Spring rolls in the impetuosity of its onward career, and in whose very dykes the odoriferous herbage of classicity springs up in the luxuriance of verdant vegetation.

You have seen how I, girded with the crimsoned panoply of mighty genius, have soared aloft, with aquiline pinions, to the almost inaccessible regions of classicity—how I dived with a victorious plunge, into the profoundest depths of scientific amalgamation—how I pergnated, led on by the transcendent illumination of my own capacity, through the cutaneous labyrinthia of mathematics, notwithstanding the more than nocturnal tenacity of its cavernous recesses; your *sensus audiendi* must have been philharmonically accosted by my dulcified expatiations on the astronomical pluriplane of the stellariferous heavens; and how condensated must have been the cloud which circumambiated you, when the amaranthine incense of my grammatical, geographical and historical researches ascended from the gigantic conflagration of my genius, like the thuriflame of the ancient Vestals.

This pell-mell exposition, Oh Friends, though apprezzed a blast of egotism is, in *rei vertice*, a conglomeration of unadulterated veracity; but lest I may keep you in a protracted state of penitulity by the further preludious prelibations, I shall approximate instantaneously *ad rem, imprimis*, by demonstrating the inability of this extra parochial scaramouch, and subsequently delineating to you the inflammatory character of his pseudogeographic defamations.

The appellative cognomen of my *propugnator* is as yet unascertained by me; but the putrid atmosphere of his rural gazetteer supplies me with ample premises whence I may draw the very logical conclusion that it is better his nomenclature should dominate in lethargic somniferosity under the umbrageous canopy of perpetual oblivion. The *unde et quo* of this pharmacopoli of letters is likewise a *terra incognita*—but if I may again draw from the exuberant fountain of my capacious imagination, I would dauntlessly pronounce him to be the phlegmatic excrence of the sequestered alleys of a city, or some campstral cypher of semi-barbarous rusticity; and that his consanguineal blood relations are either the ubiquitous obtrusions of amalgamated vagabondism, or some voracious Nebuchadnezzars of verdure, whose sole manifestations of a peregrination consisted in a sequacious precosity to increase their abdominal rotundity, by nocturnal, maniacal evolutions of the homogeneous and heterogeneous quintessence of animated nature.

When those papilliforme amanitas from the quill of this scryer first appeared in this portion of our spherical world, I upon perusal was disposed to be a little risible from the ridiculousness of the sentiments contained therein, afterwards, growing indignant at the total vacuousness of syllabic, or even entymematic formality, as well as at the unjustifiable homicide of the plain rules of orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody, I vociferated for the annihilation of the grammar-killing basiopolite, and his subitaneous extinction from the academic groves of erudit education. I discovered that infamacy of speech and superratively sourious vituperation were the *Telulation* and the *Kephilation* of his literary researches. Solid, substantial germination matter was non est *tenebris* through the whole of his pyramidal volumes. Proterity, superuity, and apexed conscientiousness, perverted the totality; torments a plagiarist defiled the sentences; the mists of equinoctial ignorance enveloped the original paragraphs, in fine, all the effusions were ultramontane evolutions of tortitude, turgescence, and heteroclitical monstrosity. Such is the nature of the flaminaceous catapults that have been projected in derogation of my literary renown, and such the character of the pusillanimous belliger that has sought to demigrate with the tenebrous ink or corruptibility, my immortal glory, and tear, with a volcanic grasp, the resplendent laurels from my victorious brow.

Alas! when I reflect and cogitate, how the mendacious weapon of idiosyncrasy had nearly penetrated my immaculate character and brought discredit on the celebrated literati of whom I am a humble representative, I become lachrymose and I ejaculate a hortatory sigh for the prosperous welfare of our untrammelled freedom, when we, of the faculty, could extirpate *ad libitum*, and flagellate even to excoriation, the *dorsal vertebrae* of turbulent unchivalry; but when we cannot vesiculate an inch of an obstreperous juvenile without being made the subject of a defamatory invective. And whereas we could nullus obstante on a frigid morning of days of yore, take a plunge in the liquid abysses of the whisky cask and become decently in-brasted at stated periods of conviviality, jocundity and jollification, now we cannot protrude our nasal appendages beyond the odiferous threshold of Mrs. Flattery's spirit vanity to exert fragrillation and impart the elixir of vitality to our corporeal machinery through the instrumentality of alcoholic panaceas; but that this ventral pedicello will be transmuted into a nefarious proceeding by those itinerant termites whose opprobrious epithets and dedecorative insinuations are heaped upon us in the clangorous succession of Niagara water showers. *O tempora—O mores!!!* (That's Cicero.)

And now in conclusion, my friends, I implore you on this the noonies of November, to deprecate, even to conciliation, the eleemosynary introduction of such misanthropic vapors—so decapitate these catastrophic pestages who unslake the flood gates of their amphibious minds to irrigate the fertile plains of your moral tenden-

cies, and I—I reiterate with colloquial determination, though with demurely veracity, I will supplicate the immortal deities of the Olympian turrets to auxiliare me in my adventurous attempt—I will beseech the paternal Jupiter to inimicite him with his fulminating thunderbolts—I will invoke Titan to conject his lapidular missiles on his, concocting pernicious for his speedy pulverization; and I will in a geneficent orison, pray the bellicose Mars to strike terror into his mortal mechanism, and anathematize him with the conflicting *maranatha* of semiperturbant vengeance.

[Written for the NATIONALIST.]

### Irish Names.

Thousands of our countrymen are proud enough of their Milesian origin, to thank God that "they are not as other men"; that for example, they have none of the base blood of the Anglo-Saxon in their veins. These men are willing to concede that there is much of vigor in the English character, but hold that that vigor is due to the Norman and not to the Saxon. They are willing to fraternize with the Irishman who is entitled to begin his name with "Mac" or "O," but seem rather inclined to treat all others as only half Irish. Carpenter and Mason and Smith and Brown and the rest of them they regard as descendants of Elizabeth's adventurers or Cromwell's troopers, though the said Carpenter and Smith may be as truly Celtic as any O'Neill or O'Brian in the land. In this paper it is proposed to show that there are more Celts scattered throughout the land than these men are willing to acknowledge. It is assumed that they know the object of the English invasion and occupation of Ireland to have been robbery—robbery of the soil and other possessions of the natives. To accomplish this robbery, and retain its fruits for themselves and their descendants for ever, slaughter and a thousand other things were necessary. After despoiling the ancient nation, and slipping the slave's collar on its tampered neck, it was necessary to guard against the people ever having power to rise against their masters. Among the thousand diabolical contrivances for utterly ruining the half-conquered land, and obliterating all hope of national resurrection was the famous Statute of Kilkenny. It was passed in a parliament held there in 1367, and these are samples of its mild provisions. Any alliance with the Irish by marriage, fostering, or gossiping should be punishable as high treason; to use the Breton law was treason also; and any man of English race taking an Irish name or using the Irish language, apparel, or customs, should forfeit all his property. Even this was not enough. At a Parliament held some years afterwards at Trim, it was acted that the Irish within the pale (or limits of English power) should be compelled to abandon their Irish ways, and adopt those of the English plunderers. The kindly old custome of Erin which bound chief and clansman in heart bonds together should be abolished, and the ancient speech was made a crime, and the ancient name a reason good enough to justify the Neiges in flinging its owner into prison. Celtic appellations were prohibited under severe penalties; the "Mac" and "O" were rendered odious in the sight of law; and accordingly we find many of the old families of Leinster without them. Such of the O'Neills as found their way within the Pale lost their distinctive prefix, and as Neills were tolerated because the word *nail* was good Saxon. O'More without the "O" suggested English heath, as Byrne pronounced in modern fashion might suggest a something hot. These were names which could not so easily escape the law's tendency to make English of everything left within the four seas of Ireland. This Triumphant parliament generously granted to the serfs, whom it was not expedient to exterminate, the privilege of taking English names after the following manner. They might call themselves after some town or place, or indeed after any material object in nature's wide domain; and so many who could not help themselves had their fine old Celtic names changed to such as these: Sutton, Bray, Meath, Ireland, Field, Hill, Mountain, Rivers, Waters, Flowers, and Castles. There was no objection to their adoption of such disguises as Salmon, Whale, Lion, Wolfe, Giraffe, or Pepper. The law allowed them to take the name of any color, and hence we meet with men whose faces bespeak their Celtic origin, but whose names sound English in White, Black, Brown, and Green. If they couldn't find any color in the rainbow to suit them, they might take the name of some trade or other avocation; and accordingly, there were soon families of Mathes and Carpenters, Wheelers, Masons, and Skinners. If they had little imagination, they could call themselves Coffins. The trouble with these metamorphosed names is that some of them are found in England as well as in Ireland. The MacGowans might transpose the name to Smith, or even Smith simply; but as the race of English Smiths is legion, it is not always easy to know which is the right Smith, and which the wrong one. To the experienced, the difficulty is not a great one, inasmuch as the east coast of Ireland is the seat of residence, and the tendencies of the will are in general sufficient guides. The Gaels of Kilkenny became Gales as if they were airy flocks, and the MacGilla Phadrighs of Ossory Fitzpatrick as if they were Normans. The MacShanes of Antrim became Johnshanes and Jacksons, and one of these MacShanes, Old Hickory, won the battle of New Orleans, and became President of the United States.

All this tends to show that the Celts of Ireland are more numerous than England wishes, and that many of those commonly regarded as English are genuine Irish. The subject is here merely introduced—a thousand illustrations of the strange changes of our names will occur to every intelligent reader. For all I know to the contrary, my own name may be as Milesian as that of Brian Kennedy, otherwise known as Brian Boru. My face, as my old woman asserts, is Irish enough, and I have some reason to believe my heart is.

It was bad enough for the English to despoil us of our lands, without robbing us of our names, and doing afterwards all that vileness and malice could invent to bring us intoodium and contempt; but as they were, from the beginning, our deadly enemies, their action is not so unintelligible or so unnatural as that of the poor demented puppy who finds his ancient Irish name an eyesore and inimicribus to him. Before Irishmen fought their way to their present comparatively respectable position in American society, there were found some individuals so besottedly ignorant of the past glories of their race that they twisted their names in such fashion as would have puzzled their fathers: The barbarian who turned Nolan into Newland, or made any similar change in the ancient name is a "mighty purty" specimen of an Irishman, but there are such specimens to be found crawling over the fair face of America; and it may be added, that generally Ireland is more ashamed of them than they of Ireland.

The Celtic name in almost all cases bespeaks Celtic blood; but it does not follow that, in like

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## THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1873.

### The Mitchell Demonstration.

[SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 25, 1853.]

After Mr. Mitchell's escape from penal servitude in Tasmania, and his a. rival in this city, all classes of society vied with one another in doing him honor. From the report then published of the proceedings at the banquet, we take the following. Governor Bigler presided, the distinguished guest, John Mitchell being on his right, and Governor Lane of Oregon on his left. Among those present were Ex-Governor McDougal, Gen. Sutter, Gen. Denver, Gen. Coverian, Archbishop Alemany, Rev. H. Gallagher, Mayor Garrison, Lieut. Gov. Purdy, T. B. McManus, Col. Henly, P. J. Smyth, Captain Davis, the Commander of the Judge Am in which Mitchell escaped, Philip A. Roach, Gen. Morse, Chief Justice Murry, Col. Baker, J. D. Oliver, Miles D. Sweeny, etc. "The magnificence of the demonstration," says a journal of the time, "in honor of the long-suffering and lion-hearted Irish Patriot, John Mitchell, has never been equalled in California, and for respectability, unity of sentiment, and the manifestation of a genuine and whole-hearted sympathy with the object of his life—the freedom of his native land, it could not be surpassed in any State or country on the globe. From the highest officials of the Executive government of this State and the neighboring Territory—the Generals of the Mexican war—the Judges of the land—the Mayor and Corporation of this city, the Bankers, Merchants, professional men, and as many of the other various grades of its inhabitants as the largest hall in San Francisco could contain, though crowded to excess, there arose one shout of triumphant joy which will long be remembered by those present as the most thrilling expression of heartfelt triumph ever uttered by the true representatives of a great people."

To the toast *California our Home*, Governor Bigler replied, and among other things said: "To-night, fellow citizens, you have risen in mass to give evidence to your devotion to a principle dear to us all, but which has been proscribed in other quarters and for which you, Sir, (turning to Mr. Mitchell) have suffered in a dungeon! (tremendous applause.) It gives me pleasure to see you greeted in this manner by the people of California. I know no occasion when I have felt so proud as I do to-night, because you are here, fellow citizens, manifesting your attachment to that cause of liberty on which our government rests."

In response to the toast, John Mitchell and the *Independence of Ireland*, Mr. Mitchell arose, and in an instant the whole company were upon their feet. For ten minutes one could scarcely hear himself shout. All eyes were upon the distinguished guest. Above the heads of the assembled crowd hundreds of handkerchiefs were waving, and cheer upon cheer arose. The applause swelled and lulled, and swelled again like the winds upon the tempestuous sea. At last when all were seated, Mr. Mitchell spoke as follows:

Governor Bigler and citizens of San Francisco,—You will not wonder—you will indulge me a little, me a captive of five years' living death, immured in dungeons by land and sea, or eating the bitter bread of penal exile in the depths of the forest of a convict colony—if my senses are somewhat overpowered by the thunder of your welcome to a free land. I seem like one slowly opening his eyes to the light of the outer world after a long and painful trance, and the splendor of this Republican festival dazzles me. And perhaps had I obeyed the dictates of that humility which becomes a man and a hunted fugitive—if I had taken counsel of my own quiet disposition, I should have asked permission respectfully to decline the high honor you do me this day. God knows it is in no triumph we Irish rebels set foot upon your shores, Americans with the load of our chains only just shaken off, and the load of our inglorious defeat, which is bitterer than chains, and cannot be shaken off, still heavy on our souls—with some of our comrades still pining in bondage, with the blood-hounds of the enemy still questing on our track behind, and a wide world before us when we have no home, no country—it might be thought happiness enough for us to fling ourselves exhausted and breathless upon your soil, and to feel ourselves at last—at last—safe under the hospitable shadow of your Eagle's wings. But the terms in which I have been invited to this board, leave me no room for such feelings. I must not think of myself when you offer me, O, Americans, you offer me sympathy with my cause. And Americans, I have heard, are observant of what passes in the world. You know well what that cause is, and what that sympathy implies. Here is much more than personal compliment; here is something that supercedes and would make ridiculous the affection of personal difference. I indeed am nothing, but liberty is sacred, and Ireland is dear, and justice is eternal. And my cause was, and is, and while I live shall be, the cause of Irish freedom against English tyranny—Irish rights against English bayonets. It is the cause of independent industry for our own living against base pauperism for England's gain. It is the same old and dear cause of Irish republicanism to which our fathers were sworn in '98, and for which Tone labored and lived, and for which Emmet could but die. Knowing all this, you tender not to me, but to my country, on this first point of American land I touch, your frank and manly endorsement of that righteous cause. And could I presume to decline this? Could I with an impudent modesty deprecate your sympathy with Ireland's wrongs, your honest indignation against Ireland's enemies and oppressors? No! no! I exult in this hearty welcome. I thank you for it from my very soul. I take a grim delight in it; for well I know, the warm words of cheer you give me to-night will reach the hearts of some of my broken and desponding countrymen, and kindle in their hearts again some sparks of the fire of manhood—the loud echo of freemen's voices will ring in the ear of our tyrants in their high places, and bid them beware of the next earthquake of the nations. Who will dare talk to me of despair? Who is abject enough to despair of the cause of right, and truth, and freedom? In Ireland, indeed, truth has been called a lie by act of Parliament, and that ancient passion for liberty has been well nigh, as the enemy hopes, crushed and trampled out of her; but after all, Irishmen still belong to that family of the human race whence sprung the heroes and the demigods. High hearts and strong hands are bred there still; and the cup of slavery is still a bitter draught as of old, and the sting of universal contempt in maddening and time and chance wait on all men, and steel still cuts and fires still burns, and heaven is above us all. The

gates indeed of two millions of our famished, murdered nation will not give up their dead, though the graves are shallow, and the dead confessless. The seven years of Ireland's sole agony in the talons of English civilization have been endured—they cannot be erased from the calendar—they cannot be forgotten, they shall not be forgiven. Nations have no future state, and therefore national punishments and compensations come in this world; and surely as "sorrow tracketh crime," that foul British empire will be brought to a strict accounting—Ireland will yet have her victory and her revenge.

There are Irishmen here to-night—do you, my countrymen, tell me that our cause is lost forever? Is the history of Ireland over, then? Do you tell me to go back to my island dungeon and disturb no more the march of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the Crystal palace progress of the species? Forgive me that question, my countrymen. Do not our hearts leap up at the very thought of the next European convolution? Do they not burn within us when we think of all that peace and order, as tyrants can be shivened on some early day, a day to be called a white day forever, with a crash that shall shake the pillars of the globe, and how thrones and principalities will totter and rush down into chaos before the stormy wrath and execration of gods and men? Bear with me. I have plunged at once into the very heart and centre of my absorbing subject. It has been the passion of my life, it has been the dream of my prison hours, by day and night. No wonder that I wish so eagerly to meet your offered sympathy, my brother Republicans. And let me remind you that I am not a republican because I was transported, but that I was transported because I was a republican. No wonder I gladly hasten to realize to myself the full meaning of that sympathy, and to let all the world, friends and enemies, know the same. Yea, I am an Irish rebel republican, and proud of the title, I who write rebel after my name, and wear it as a frontlet between my eyes, am welcomed and greeted by the citizens of this most American of American cities for my rebellion and republicanism, and for nothing else.

Like Epimenides of old, or like that twenty years' sleeper of your Catskill mountains, I open my eyes and behold what a changed world! Why here, on the spot where I stand—here where five years ago a solitary ship sometimes visited a lonely bay of the ocean at the back of the globe, for a cargo of skins—here has arisen this stately city like an exhalation from the sea. This youngest and fairest daughter of your great republic was yet unborn when I fell asleep—I awake in the Tyre of the Pacific. No *fado morganæ* city of air is this. The genii have not piled it up with clouds. Neither is it like the city of the Czars or the city of the Constantines, the enforced workmanship of vassals or slaves, executing the iron will of a despot—here stands the fair achievement of free and sovereign citizens, doing their own behest, and for their own behoof—a city stomach and potent, opulent and free—*est perpetua!* Long may commerce and freedom sit enthroned within her walls, and the wealth of a thousand isles be wafted to her feet, and pour into her Gate of gold. But this is a phenomenon I have to study. On the threshold of your country I cannot lecture, I can only wonder and admire. Reverently and deliberately it becomes a stranger and aspirant to the privileges of your citizenship to investigate those wise and manful institutions that have bred and nursed the energy of such a race. A changed world indeed! If I look to Europe, there is a change too, but of a far different kind. In England and her strong feudal aristocracy, the despots of Europe have their best supporters—in her Postoffice they have their best detectives. Kind and generous England can boast about constitutional government; but she contracted a debt of eight hundred millions (sterling!) to maintain what they call legitimate sovereignty in Europe. Europe now is a penal colony, a great jail, a larger Van Dieman's Land. Each royal turnkey sits in his capital like a spider in his den, and the wires of his electric detectives converge from all sides in his hand; for telegraphs and railways, which here in America belong to the people, there in Europe belong to the people's lords and masters. The net work of tyranny seems to be complete, and the grown conspirators congratulate each other along the wires. So they will stay while the thing lasts; but I have already, even the first glance at this business, made bold to form an opinion which, I may venture to hint—the system will not last for ever. But now I will turn away from Europe and her policies, and before I close will confess to you that I have a personal reason, as well as the great public one for joyfully receiving the honor you have done me. The Queen of England's packed jury, you are aware, dared to call me a felon. Now from that foul verdict I appeal to all mankind, and I consider this assembly of American citizens a competent tribunal to reverse it. The great city of New York has reversed the verdict of the packed jury of Clonmel in the case of Thomas Francis Meagher, and although the servile judge sentenced him to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, and prayed God to have mercy on his soul, New York has deemed him worthy to be drawn on a triumphal car through files of cheering freemen, for his effort, though defeated, to free his native land. Which of those two verdicts will command the respect of mankind, the verdict of New York, or that of Lord Clarendon's packed jury at Clonmel? This night you pronounce that I am no felon. But either I am no felon or those who carried me from my home in fetters under a false pretense of law are felons; that is to say, the Queen of England and her ministers, and her partisan judges, and her purjured sheriff, and her learned Attorney-General. Now I wish distinctly, and in a few words, to what you the Queen and her servants did to me and mine; there are men at this table who know the truth of every word I say—it is my counter indictment, and I shall fearlessly ask the verdict of America and the world upon it. First, they procured an Act of their London Parliament to name the work I was engaged in a felony, and attach to it the punishment of felony, with the avowed object of degrading Irish patriots to the rank, and to the society of cut-throats and rick-burners, and so making Irish nationalism scandalous and ignominious. Second, when their Act was passed, and when I disobeyed it of course, then came the trial. If I had violated law, I was to be punished by law. Now, I charge the Queen and Government of England, with setting themselves above the law; that is to say, breaking the law which they pretended to vindicate. Third, I charge them with acting upon the sham verdict obtained from a pretended jury, and under that fraudulent pretence robbing my place of business. Fourth, I charge them with further acting on the pretended verdict by bidding me in irons, and carrying me to Bermuda, and afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope, and afterwards to Van Dieman's Land, and with deliberately endeavoring

ing for two whole years to procure my death underhand in secret dungeons; and fifth and last, I charge them with doing all this in order that England might continue quiet to consume the Irish food for want of which the Irish die of hunger.

Now, if all this be true, the Queen of England and her servants are the felons; and they pay to me a blow to them. They regard me as their enemy, and they are right. You know of me an honor without an insult to them—I accept the honor; I hope they will understand the insult. You will not imagine that I relate those things to you as merely a series of personal outrages on me—in that point of view they would be of no importance at all. I relate them that you may judge what species of pretended government that must be where such a will as can be done in the open day against the will of nine-tenths of the community—what you may see how entirely justified every man is in endeavoring to overthrow and to punish such a Government.

As for me, I have not come here to whine about my own sufferings. In the worst and blackest of my many dungeons my enemies have not extorted from me one word of submission. They have indirectly let us know that if we showed contrition we might be liberated. They asked for contrition, they got in reply loud defiance and defiance. What I have said to-night is no more than what I said in the criminal dock before the false judge—no more than what I have printed again and again in the public newspapers of Van Dieman's Land. Thank Heaven my head has always been high—my heart has always been free, and I wore my fetters lightly as wreaths of roses. When my enemies sought to kill me by long and rigorous confinement in an unwholesome den, what, thin you, sustained me and kept life in me?—rage and scorn, and firm reliance on God's justice and the immortal thirst of vengeance. I thank my enemies now that they refused to release me—I am glad they waited for contrition—I am proud that I was liberated not by their Queen's pardon, but by the disloyal aid of some of her Majesty's subjects in Australia, and by the daring and energy of my brave confederate and brother rebel who sits at this table. [Cheers for P. J. Smyth.] Enough, then for the past. I fling it behind me from this night, and look forward, forward. I have commenced in your State my novitiate in order to become an American citizen. I believe America will not hold it disloyal to her, if we Irish-Americans look anxiously out for an opportunity, and if we one day dash at the opportunity to wipe off the dishonor of the old mother-land, and to dry her tears and staunch her wounds, and make her a participant in that noble republican freedom that your fathers have shown all the world the way to win.

It is needless to say that the applause at the conclusion of this brilliant speech was tumultuous.

### Foreign.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, having before his eyes the fate of other semi-civilized potentates of the East, flatly refuses to ratify the English treaty, the arguments of Sir Barth. Frere notwithstanding. England's anxiety to abolish the slave trade there is merely a pretext, the real object in view being the acquisition of some of the Sultan's territory. In this project Germany naturally takes a hand, and for the same object; but it seems that other powers, Portugal, France, and the United States, with no such axes to grind, have been wheedled into supporting England's claims. As the army of Zanzibar is insignificant, England will be heroically brave.

There has been an abortive insurrection in Hayti. "General" Michel was the ringleader. The authorities succeeded in quelling the disturbance, and thirty of those implicated, including the leader, were executed. Michel, who was a hair dresser in 1858, and became General in 1868, made a grandiloquent speech on the scaffold; and said that great men, like Napoleon and others, had their destiny to fulfil, and he had fulfilled his.

The drought in Java made the rice crop a failure. Famine ensued, and several children have been sold to the Dutch.

The Peruvian Minister to Japan is not so favorably received by the government of that country as he expected.

The Shah of Persia is not so uncivilized as Europeans are wont to imagine. He wants to get into debt, and for that purpose will see the London bankers. Whether the millions are required for war or for railroads, the world is not informed. If he is diplomatic enough to borrow money to enable him to become the effective ally of Russia against England, we could look upon it as a sacred spoiling of the Egyptians.

His Highness Prince Menschikoff has been sent by the Russian Government to meet the Shah of Persia; and the Government at St. Petersburg is making every preparation to impress that monarch with a sense of the magnificence, power and extent of Russia.

Maria, the daughter of the Czar is to meet that interesting youth, the Duke of Edinburgh, to see how she might like to take him with her to the Greek Church for the rest of his days.

The clandestine traffic in slaves is said to be reviving late in Stamboul, in consequence of the police having relaxed in the vigilance which they showed some time ago in watching the arrivals from Tripoli and other known slave markets of vessels with concealed slaves on board.

### Europe.

France is fast recovering from the effects of her disastrous war. The revenue statistics lately published by the Government, show this sign of prosperity that the exports are increasing, and the imports diminishing. In January, 1872, the imports amounted to 338,000,000 francs, and in January, 1873, to only 282,000,000. The exports for January, 1872, were 238,000,000, and for January, 1873, rose to 260,000,000, an advance of 22,000,000. Confidence in the future greatness of the country is unbroken.

Prussia proposes to build eleven armor-clads, eleven corvettes, and three dispatch boats, which are to be finished in 1877, at an estimated cost of \$20,000,000. The Kaiser will next want water to sail them in.

Postal cards have been received with great favor in France; 2,331,000 at two cents and 4,481,100 at three cents were sold in ten days, and the circulation of letters has not diminished.

Two young princes, the sons of Archduke Charles of Austria, had a warm dispute in the presence of no less person than the Emperor himself. Greatly excited, one said to the other: "You are the greatest ass in Vienna." Highly offended at a quarrel in his presence, the Emperor interrupted them, saying with indignation: "Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present!"

London is to be the scene of a grand exhibition of art and science in 1876.

## Latest Telegraphic News.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18, 1873.  
PROPOSED CELEBRATION BY FRENCH RESIDENTS IN NEW YORK.

practically nothing is saved by employing the Hindoo who works for about eighteen to twenty cents a day, as against the European who demands from five to ten or twelve shillings a day.

Again, dear labor stimulates invention and pushes the introduction of machinery. Here is a very striking illustration. When the Grand Trunk Railroad was opened, a number of cast iron wheels for the cars were sent out from England. It was found that they would not answer, were too soft and wore out under the jar of frozen road-beds too quickly. Then a quantity of wrought iron wheels were sent out, but they also proved a complete failure. Finally, recourse was had to American manufacturers, and cast iron wheels were obtained which served the purpose admirably. Now this superiority of American cast iron to that of England is a curious fact, for it is a fact, and the excellence of our metal is generally acknowledged. But when we inquire into it we find that it arises from the greater skill used in mixing the ores, and that the employment of this extra skill was necessitated by the dearness of labor, which compelled the more frequent use of cast iron in manufacturing. We are now supplying England, the great iron country, with shovels, axes and many kinds of tools, and we beat the manufacturers of light machinery and particularly of agricultural machinery. The stimulus thus resulting was derived from the pressure of dear labor, and as the inventive faculty has thus far kept pace with the demands of the working classes there is no reason to seek elsewhere for help. These facts show that Chinese cheap labor is a delusion; that the cost of production does not depend upon the rate of wages (not for that matter upon the hours of labor) and that, other things being equal, the country where labor is dear (and good) will always be enabled to hold its own against the countries where labor is cheap and poor, even though the cost of living is materially lower in the latter. These facts will, if in no other way than by experience, force themselves upon the attention of manufacturers and others who are disposed to think there is something in Chinese cheap labor. As regards San Francisco, high wages have nothing to do with her inability to manufacture. It is the cost of motive power that paralyzes her, and it is just that motive power which we possess in unlimited quantities at Poisom.

### Irish "Disunion."

Some men seem afflicted with a mania for borrowing their convictions at second-hand, if we may be permitted to use the expression. We have at this moment before us copies of responses, speeches, and lectures, of which the central idea is only an endless repetition of that old shibboleth—"Irish disunion." Now, it is tiresome to hear this everlasting monody thrummed out from a single string. What does such music mean? Nobody makes a systematic effort to prove the fact of Irish disunion. Those who spread themselves in protesting against it, and who have some magical remedy to suggest for its cure, always take the existence of the malady to be an admitted fact. Herein lies the mistake, for this theory is accepted at second-hand. It is one of those floating absurdities that are skilfully nurtured by an interested faction, until at length they come to be received by many as undisputed facts. The simple truth is that the Irish people, while exhibiting a spectacle of unity without parallel, are still asked to compass a unity which is morally impossible. Froude and other enemies want to represent the Irish as a factious mob, one-half of which would be always ready to oppose whatever the other half suggested. This is nothing more than a brazen falsehood. As we have already said, we do not claim that the whole Irish race, more than any other people, is unanimous on every point; but on every essential issue it is virtually unanimous. Should more than this be desired, show us an example which may be followed. If unity alone were necessary, the Anglo-Irish problem would be solved in an hour. But revolutions are not easily accomplished, especially by a people who have been starved, hunted, and exiled for ages. Leaders, arms, and a favorable "opportunity" are needed; for England cannot be brought to justice except by her own logic—brute force. If the English Government believed in the efficacy of Irish disunion, why did it disarm every man in Ireland, leaving not so much as a flint pistol or a rusty sword to any one unless a sworn English adherent?

There is entirely too much cant and nonsense spoken about this Irish disunion, and generally by men who ought to know better. Where is there a country more united in a changeless purpose than the Ireland of to-day? Was it perfect union that achieved America's independence? More regiments were actually raised in the colonies for King George than for the Patriot cause. In France, Spain, Prussia, England, the United States, in every country at the present hour there are opposing forces at work, which threaten to change the established order of things. But the entire Irish race, whose only disputed question with regard to Ireland is whether their freedom is to be accomplished by peaceful agitation or by the armed hand—this is pointed at as a model of dissension! Every man who endorses such a libel, helps the enemy. And, in conclusion, it may be proper to mention that the men who prate most about "Irish disunion" are the very men who are too stubborn and obstinate to submit to any control, or are else the agents of some quixotic enterprise in which sensible men refuse to embark.—*Irish World.*

### Labor Notes.

The Boston boot and shoe trade is not as active as it was hoped it would be by this time. The weather, bad roads, and the money sent west for crops which have not yet gone east are blamed; but reasonable hopes are entertained that a few weeks shall make a most satisfactory change. While promising the manufacturers large orders, the *Shoe and Leather Record* says: "We doubt if wider margins of profit will be secured, much as they are needed to render capital invested in the manufacture of boots and shoes as productive as it ought to be. Time and persistent effort, combined with the practice of a judicious economy and adhesion to the wise policy of making demand the basis of production, are the only means available for the cure of the evils complained of." The small manufacturers are the chief sufferers from competition, as a very small percentage of profit on every pair of shoes manufactured, while satisfying the mammoth producers, scarcely affords a living profit to the former. The manufacturers of slippers are quite cheerful. They seem to have all they can do at present, the long winter having been in their favor. The jobbing trade is fairly active; a glance at their establishments reveals much activity. The near-by trade, which the wild winter weather has hitherto retarded, is gradually becoming livelier, although less so this week than last." The *Shoe and Leather Record* says: "In the last week the Boston market has shown a decided improvement, and the prospects for the remainder of the year are encouraging. The demand for leather goods is increasing, and the prices are firm. The manufacturers are reporting a good deal of activity in the trade, and the prospects for the future are favorable." The *Shoe and Leather Record* says: "The Boston boot and shoe trade is not as active as it was hoped it would be by this time. The weather, bad roads, and the money sent west for crops which have not yet gone east are blamed; but reasonable hopes are entertained that a few weeks shall make a most satisfactory change. While promising the manufacturers large orders, the *Shoe and Leather Record* says: "We doubt if wider margins of profit will be secured, much as they are needed to render capital invested in the manufacture of boots and shoes as productive as it ought to be. Time and persistent effort, combined with the practice of a judicious economy and adhesion to the wise policy of making demand the basis of production, are the only means available for the cure of the evils complained of." The small manufacturers are the chief sufferers from competition, as a very small percentage of profit on every pair of shoes manufactured, while satisfying the mammoth producers, scarcely affords a living profit to the former. The manufacturers of slippers are quite cheerful. They seem to have all they can do at present, the long winter having been in their favor. The jobbing trade is fairly active; a glance at their establishments reveals much activity. The near-by trade, which the wild winter weather has hitherto retarded, is gradually becoming liv